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WHAT MUST BE DONE WITH MEXICO

The Obligations of the United States in Our Illiterate and Bandit-Infested Neighbor Nation

By HON. HENRY LANE WILSON
[FORMER AMBASSADOR TO MEXICO, PRESIDENT INDIANA BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE]

WHEN, after a long period of disorder and anarchy, Diaz became master of Mexico in 1880, he found a government wholly disorganized in its administration and finances and without power to enforce its decrees except by the exercise of military force. Both the general and local administrative instrumentalities were paralyzed; throughout the whole extent of Mexico fifty years of lawlessness and revolution had engendered conditions closely approaching anarchy; bandit chieftains held sway over extensive territories where their will was the only law; there were no railways, no schools, no factories, no banks; the cities were totally without modern improvements, unsanitary, and breeding places for pestilence and disease; the rural population lived miserably upon vast estates where their liberty was subject to the will of the patrons or owner; farming methods were primitive, inadequate and wasteful.

Diaz, though an untutored and uncultivated soldier of Indian extraction, possessed many of the qualities of a real statesman, and he set himself to the task of redeeming and reorganizing the country with a knowledge of the character of the people which he governed and with a deliberate farsightedness which bore its fruit abundantly before he passed

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off the stage. He saw that, preliminary to the development of the country and improvement of the conditions under which the population lived, complete order must be established throughout Mexico. This he realized could not be accomplished with armies, as the disorderly elements were too firmly intrenched and too widely scattered. With wise prescience he determined to make the disorderly elements the instrumentalities of preserving order. He therefore organized what were called the *Rurales,* or rural guards, a police force of semi-military character, to have charge of the maintenance of order and the punishment of crimes throughout the republic. This organization he placed in the hands of the former bandit chieftains, making them officers in the *Rurales,* paying them sufficiently well to remove necessity for criminal depredation and holding them responsible for the maintenance of order and primary justice. The plan worked admirably. The representatives of crime and disorder became the enforcers of order and law, and brigandage rapidly disappeared. As a co-ordinate part of the administration thus created, the local courts were rehabilitated and vitalized throughout the republic, and, at the head of the military and civil organizations,were placed the so called *jefe politicos* whose duty it was to exercise active supervision over all the affairs of the various districts, acting always as the direct representatives of the central government. By the establishment of this system and by its prudent administration Diaz slowly but surely established order in Mexico.

MEXICO'S DEVELOPMENT UNDER DIAZ

HAVING established guaranties for the protection of life and property, his next task was the development of the material resources of the country. There did not exist in Mexico either the men or the means to develop her marvelous resources. Diaz, therefore, determined to open the country to the world, to encourage the investment of foreign capital, and to invite immigration from the wealthier and more cultivated nations. The field was an inviting one, and capital and immigrants from the United States and Europe began with-

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out great delay to flow into Mexico; from first to last something like two billions of outside money was invested in various ways in Mexico and over two hundred thousand active and energetic foreigners set themselves to the task of developing her vast natural resources. Great railway systems were built and manned; cities were transformed and modernized into habitable conditions; banks from France, Great Britain, Germany, Italy and the United States were established, wielding a powerful influence in forwarding the development of the country; vast farming areas were brought into cultivation by modern methods; factories were established to utilize the raw products of the country; thousands upon thousands of Mexicans found employment and a degree of comfort and happiness unknown before.

Over all this political system and material development, Diaz presided with a firm but just hand. A free and deliberative legislative body existed. Courts administered the law with dignity and courage. Those who obeyed the law were safe from injustice and tyranny; those who broke the law were punished and punished quickly.

The third step in the Diaz program was the elevation of the masses by education and by arousing the consciousness of national unity. This was the last step and it had not been developed at the time of his fall from power. Much had been done however. Public schools had been established in almost every municipal organization in Mexico; not sufficient, it is true, for the population, and the system did not penetrate extensively into the rural districts. It was, however, a beginning, and to the problem of a further extension Diaz was addressing himself at the time of his fall, hoping that after a generation of education some semblance of a middle-class might be built up and the sane and orderly evolution of Mexico accomplished.

BANKRUPTCY AND ANARCHY FOLLOW REVOLUTION

THEN came the revolution brought about, it should be understood, not by the liberty-loving elements of the population but by those who were either criminal or ignorant.

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In this struggle the whole system of Diaz was swept away; a military autocracy was set up; the legislative bodies and courts ceased to function; all property was subject to illegal seizure; foreigners were driven from the country. Diaz left a hundred million dollars in the national treasury and every state in Mexico was then in the enjoyment of ample revenues and business administration; life and property were fully protected. Today Mexico is bankrupt and state organizations exist only in name; anarchy and crime rule throughout the republic. Manifestly the revolution has not accomplished an improvement, but has brought about a reversion to the conditions existing prior to the coming of Diaz. It has also demonstrated that Mexico cannot be brought into harmony with the civilized world by revolution, but that only by the slower processes of evolution can its population be uplifted, educated and made happy.

The errors of the Washington Administration in dealing with Mexico—errors which have contributed to the anarchy there, involving the exile from the country of fifty thousand ruined Americans—were due to a lack of knowledge of the obvious lessons taught by Mexican history and of Mexican psychology. The assumption that any considerable body of Mexicans are struggling for liberty, or that any sort of responsible government can be established there by revolutionary methods, is wholly misleading. A military autocracy or a benevolent despotism may maintain responsible government while imposing its decrees and policies by force, but government resting upon the consent of the governed must have as its basic condition an intelligent and educated suffrage. Eighty per cent of the population of Mexico is illiterate and the same percentage takes its origin and traditions from Indian sources. This circumstance, coupled with the further one of a vast and sparsely inhabited territory, makes all revolutions sectional in effect and impotent in procuring general settled conditions.

If it is granted that Mexico can be rehabilitated by evolution, it will then be necessary to determine whether the operating agency shall act from within or without. Not

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much time need be given to the question of reforming Mexico from within. Her present government is a pure military autocracy of bandit origin, elevated to power by force and the assistance of this government rather than by the voice of the people. Its ability to enforce its decrees is limited; it is possessed of inherent weaknesses bred of corruption, abuse of power and illegal methods. Both the national and the state administrations of government are hopelessly bankrupt and the great taxing assets which flourished and grew under the administration of Diaz have been destroyed. Practically the only sources of revenue existing in the country today are those derived from the taxation of the holdings of foreigners and from customs duties levied on their importations.

UNCLE SAM MUST REFORM MEXICO

FROM this analysis the conclusion becomes inevitable that ultimately the task of reforming Mexico by evolution must fall on the Government of the United States, with intervention as a condition precedent. In dealing with this phase of the question I prefer to avoid all reference to the duties of our government with respect to its own citizens in Mexico, confining the discussion wholly to a consideration of methods which might be employed in securing the results desired. Manifestly this government would have to proceed to the accomplishment of its task upon clearly defined lines of policy and certainly not on those of adventurous experiment. Pacific penetration as a curative method may be rejected as inadequate to meet the situation on account of the slowness of its development and the impossibility of implanting such a policy in an atmosphere of anarchy and riot. For nearly the same reason the plan of rejuvenation by financial assistance may be rejected. Neither governments nor private institutions would consider with favor the extension of loans or credit to a government controlled by the forces of anarchy, of doubtful stability, and which, if it has not publicly repudiated its debts, nevertheless does not pay them. Pacific penetration or financial assistance would have been effective factors in procuring better conditions during

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the time of Madero or Huerta, for then organized society still existed, the laws were measurably enforced, and Mexico's financial credit throughout the world was still excellent. That opportunity was allowed to pass.

ARMED INTERVENTION THE ONLY SOLUTION

THE only instrumentality which can, at this time, be used by this government which will procure the reestablishment of order in Mexico and the ultimate reign of stable and free institutions, is armed intervention. I am not to be understood as advocating intervention except for the purpose of restoring civilized conditions in Mexico. Neither greed for territory nor the desire for national aggrandizement should prompt our action. Our motives should be unquestioned and answerable to the public opinion of the world. This is a safe premise, for no civilized power, great or small, would tolerate, in contiguous territory, such conditions as we have reluctantly endured for eight years in Mexico. It is our business to set this house in order not only for its own good but in order that the dangers existing there may not extend to our own borders. States which cannot discharge their international obligations or bestow the blessings of peace and prosperity on their population should either be completely eliminated or reformed from without. Intervention, in this instance, means the reform of Mexico through the influence, power and wealth of her infinitely greater and infinitely more civilized neighbor.

If it be granted that armed intervention by this country in Mexico is the only remedy for the conditions existing there —and I feel quite sure that this will be recognized either by this Administration or its successor—some survey of methods may be useful. The most extensive area of Mexico and that which is most sparsely inhabited extends from the 22nd parallel to the American border and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. This is the most disorderly part of Mexico; here the bandit revolutions are born and from this section originate almost all of the difficulties with our government. This vast section is rich in soil and minerals and is capable

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of supporting a population infinitely greater than that now inhabiting it; under orderly government and the reign of justice and law it might be made a factor in the civilization and commerce of the world. Its occupation by the military forces of this country—a task comparatively easy of accomplishment—would at once bring about the complete restoration of peace on our borders and of peace and orderly development in the region occupied. It would permit the reopening and working of the great mineral belt which extends through this entire territory, the free marketing of petroleum from the Tampico district and the utilization of the vast cattle ranges which have now been abandoned for years.

THOROUGH REORGANIZATION NECESSARY

HAVING taken possession of this country and having become responsible to the world for its future we should at once set about its reorganization. New executive, legislative and judicial machinery should be instituted and civil government should be substituted for military control as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Law and order should be maintained with a firm hand and violators of either should be punished quickly. Immigration should be invited from all parts of the world on the initiative and under the supervision of this government and home-seeking immigrants should be accorded civil and political rights within as brief a period as possible, as they will be an essential element in the construction of the new state. This policy, if carried out with a clear understanding, firmness and disinterestedness would in my opinion solve the problem for the territory embraced within its exercise. The conditions of order and stability existing under Diaz would be restored and with these foundation conditions the superstructure of a real democratic state might, by evolutionary process, be built up.

As for the remaining part of Mexico which lies below the 22nd parallel, a different and more deliberate policy may be pursued. Whatever of civilization, law and tradition exists in Mexico is found in this region. Its population is of different blood, more inclined to peaceful methods and more easily

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subjected to the restraints of government. One or two courses would be open to it. It might, in the first instance, associate itself with the northern section in a new and compact union reorganizing its government upon identic lines, or it could maintain an independent existence whose affairs would be of secondary importance and not of more concern to us than those of any other Latin-American state.

The success of this policy of intervention and subsequent reorganization would depend upon the good faith, ability and enterprise of those having its execution in hand. Other methods of dealing with Mexico may be tried, but they will fail; for the power to reform and reorganize does not exist in Mexico and must therefore come from without or not come at all.

THE TOWN

By DAVID MORTON

MEN loved not Athens in her golden days
More tenderly than these the tree-lined Town,
Which, lacking Muses for a wider praise,
Lives in their hearts in still and sweet renown.
The market square, the wagons in the dawn,
The streets like music when their names are said,
The Sunday spire, the green, untrammeled lawn,——
These be the things on which their hearts are fed.

And one long street climbs slowly to a hill
That lifts her crosses for the Town to see
How sleep those quiet neighbors, townsmen still,
How there is peace for such as weary be. . . .
And as they come, each like a tired guest,
She takes them, one by one, and gives them rest.

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ARMOUR UNDER FIRE

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

In Congress and in the Press there have of late been severe criticisms aimed at the Meat Packing Industry. We have heard one side of the controversy, now let us hear the other. The following article, as well as being an interpretation of the personality and business ideals of J. Ogden Armour, one of America's foremost business men, includes a statement prepared by him specially for THE FORUM concerning the pending radical legislation affecting the great industry he represents.

"BIG men are only little men, given a fair chance to grow." That is the fundamental business creed of J. Ogden Armour. That is the thought underlying the operation of the great meat-packing business and ramified manufactories in which the enormous Armour fortune is invested. Reputed to be the largest individual manufacturer and employer of labor in the United States, the head of a company whose business last year approached a billion dollars, J. Ogden Armour really loves his work and he has made the men who work for him love it too. . . . "Big men are only little men, given a fair chance to grow"—there is much to ponder over in that.

A few years ago Armour was offered $130,000,000 for his packing business. So huge was the sum that the men who wished to acquire the industry took it for granted that he would sell. To their surprise he did not think about their offer a moment. Quickly he said, "What could I do with $130,000,000? I would rather be at work." Now, it is not in the nature of man to toss aside lightly so staggering a sum of money; but Armour scarcely gave it a thought. Why? Because, idealize it as one will, the first love of man—and of

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women—is the love of self, and that great packing-plant of Chicago with its bellowing stock-pens, its chutes ever rumbling with the tread of cattle, its dripping butchering places and its chill storehouses—that immense plant is J. Ogden Armour. It has become as much a part of him as his memory and he would no sooner part with it than he would part with his memory. It being his self, Armour loves his work, really loves it, idealizes it, accredits to it a beneficent motivation that is beyond mere dollars. Were you worth millions would you care about amassing more? What could you do with more? No, more often than not the Captains of our Industry become wealthier in spite of themselves. It is the joy of work that infatuates them, the thrill of power which comes from work done well on a vast scale. The zest of amassing wealth early stales; but the zest of carrying on big work never stales, if the man loves that which he is creating.

You and I, we think, would have grabbed at that $130,000,000 which was offered Armour and been content to call it a life's job done. Possibly. And we would have travelled until travel bored us; we would have owned stables of motors and horses, yachts, gorgeous town and country places; we would have indulged our hobbies, be they helping the poor or backing musical comedies, and in a few years what then? Life would have become quite empty, what Emerson calls a "sucked orange." From time to time meeting the Captains of our Industry and trying to bore down through the crust with which business has overlaid them, seeking the real man beneath, I have found that they do not love their wealth so much as they love their work and that it is not for greed of dollars that they are adamant in their dealings with government and with labor, rather they cling to their seats in the high places for the joy of creation which comes from being there.

One sizzling July day when Chicago was stifling, not a breath of cooling air coming from off Lake Michigan, Armour sat in his office at the packing plant and said: "Do you think I would work here nine hours a day and carry the burden of this business the other fifteen for the sake of a few

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more dollars? No. I do it because I have to do it—because my job is the biggest thing I know."

And the ideal? Armour sincerely finds joy in his work because he believes he is helping to feed the world. He believes he is able to feed the world only because he has built up an extremely efficient organization. He regards this organization—not consciously perhaps—as a monument to himself and, for one to attempt to modify it, be the change coming from the heads of labor or the hands of government, is to him little short of vandalism. An exaggeration? No, it merely tends to show how seriously our Captains of Industry regard themselves and their achievements.

HOW ARMOUR DEVELOPS MEN

ARMOUR has extended this worship of his big packing-plant to those who work for him and he has done so by carrying into practice the Armour theory—"Big men are only little men, given a fair chance to grow." When the nation was facing a serious situation because of a threatened railroad strike which would have paralyzed the transportation of food to all parts of the United States, directly menacing the Armour work which he believes to help feed the world, Armour simply sent a brief telegraphic message to the men in his four hundred branch houses throughout the country. It read: "In the event of a strike we expect every man to use his own judgment." Just that, nothing more. No elaborate list of instructions what to do and how to do it, rather a simple message leaving things to the man's initiative. All of which indicates faith in the way he had trained his employees, faith in his selection of men and faith in the loyalty he had inspired in them. Armour has always believed in letting his men grow and develop. His policy is to give them free rope. If they are too small for their jobs they will get tangled up in the rope and fall. If they are too big for their jobs they will fashion the rope into a ladder and climb higher. And many of course do, for all any man with brains and smooth inhibition needs is opportunity. Armour trusts his men and lets them think for themselves. Each and every

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one in the executive departments of his plants knows his dictum, "Come to me *with* a decision, not for one."

Like so many of our Captains of Industry, Armour has that Jovian paternalism, quite well developed, which takes secret joy in discerning among the lowly of his employees one whom he judges will make good. He is never so happy as when he sees the office-boy of yesterday on whom he had his eye develop into the departmental head of tomorrow. Which, by the way, is one of the pleasant things of industrial power—one is able to fulfill one's judgment—"I knew he would make good!" Armour is quick to give the right youth the chance to make good. There is no charity in this; it springs from the same motive which ever wants to see a larger gross business done—a gratification to be derived from one's work, a gratification of self.

Armour is decidedly friendly to college men and is disposed to give them every chance in his employ. This is especially true of those men who come to him with technical and manual training schooling; for he takes a deep interest in the Armour Institute of Technology, founded by his father, and in the crop of men it produces. Armour did not finish college himself. After preparing at Harvard School in Chicago, in 1881 he entered Yale. He had only completed two years of study at New Haven when his father, P. D. Armour, wrote and asked him to sacrifice the remainder of his course so that he might return to Chicago and learn meat-packing. And young Armour did. Also, he left the luxurious college life he had been living at Yale for a salary in his father's plant of eight dollars a week. "A man who never licked stamps as a clerk," his father told him, "is not fit to write letters as an executive," and with that young Armour was sent to the very bottom in the packing-plant. Here he kept his eyes and his ears open; he saw about him many men who needed only the opportunity. That is why today the responsible positions in his company are held by men who were once clerks and office-boys. It was in those early formative years that Armour took unto himself his creed that big men are only little men given the chance.

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HELPING TO FEED THE WORLD

WHEN his father died in 1901 Armour inherited the business; then its turn-over was $180,000,000 a year; last year it was $861,000,000 and Armour insists with satisfaction that its profit per dollar of sales is surprisingly low. His father in his lifetime was one of those American industrial entrepreneurs who worked wonders, for in those days the business of fresh meat was undeveloped. He it was who visualized the packing industry, who, foreseeing its great possibilities, could not longer resist keeping his son away from it and so called J. Ogden Armour away from the study of books to the study of meat. Strikingly like his father in many ways, Armour on his father's death picked up the reins and drove the industry to extents which his father had dreamed. Among other things he developed the enormous international business of the company, carved out for himself the job which he now characterizes as "helping to feed the world."

This conception of the magnitude of the Armour work he has successfully conveyed to the minds of his subordinates. The result is that there is what our Army calls morale in the Armour plant. One certain test of the morale of any business is—Do its employees voluntarily work overtime? Noon is quitting time in the Armour plant on Saturdays, but time and again I have seen there, hours after noon, scores of workers at their desks—although there was nothing to have prevented them from being at home or out of doors—nothing but a feeling that theirs was the biggest job, "helping to feed the world."

Like his father, Armour has the faculty of inspiring loyalty and devotion among his men, not only from directors and managers but from all his associates and workmen. He has the gift of command. He never asks the impossible and when he wants a thing done he does not tell the person how to do it. All of which inspires self-confidence and initiative among his men. He has found the secret of command, which is to trust underlings to execute details of work unhampered, for which trust the average man is deeply grateful, and,

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because of which, his loyalty rises. Often you hear his employees say, " I am an Armour man "—which takes its inspiration in a personal loyalty to Armour and in a pride in the thought that theirs is the biggest job they know of, " helping to feed the world."

DEMOCRACY IN BUSINESS

ARMOUR has found the value of a democratic administration of his vast business. The new employee is quickly made to feel that he is a member of the huge Armour family which is feeding the world. An immediate spirit of friendliness is shown the newcomer; Armour will not brook the curse of so many corporation offices—" office politics "—which is thought spent upon how to intrigue away the other fellow's job, instead of giving unstinting thought to your own job. No, the newcomer is not given the cold shoulder; rather he is personally introduced to everyone in his department from the manager down to the office-boy. Quickly it is told to him the various things that Armour has done to make him content and comfortable. He goes to the gymnasium upon which Armour spent $75,000 to give his employees health. When he learns that each employee is given every week two hours of the company's time so that he can spend it in the gymnasium, he sees another advantage in becoming a member of the " big family." He finds with delight that once an Armour man his health is taken care of—free medical attention for him if he is ill.

The newcomer is gratified by the pension system in vogue, one of Armour's pet projects. All he has to do is to contribute every year three per cent of his wage to the fund, and because of this, at the age of fifty-seven, provided he has worked for the company at least twenty years, he may retire and draw, for the rest of his life, a percentage of his salary at retirement equal to double his years of service. In other words were a man who had worked forty years to retire he would receive every year thereafter eighty per cent of the salary he was receiving at retirement. In the pension system every contingency is covered, physical disability, and allow-

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ances for widows and children of the dead. Also, Armour provided a " Service Roll " system for his day laborers which provides for them a pension without their making annual payments. It is because of those things: opening the door of opportunity to " little men "; creating in them pride in Armour work, *their* work, looking after their health, happiness in their jobs, financially safeguarding their future—these things have made Armour and his men love their industry.

And what is the other side of Armour? What kind of a man is he away from his business? We picture him sitting among his great stockyards and packing-houses as " all business." Does he ever get away from it? While he is not averse to having his views upon national subjects being made known he shuns personal publicity. He is really quite modest, plain in his ways and unassuming on things which do not concern packing. He is not one of those who because he has made a tremendous success of one business believes he knows the cure-all for all business. Society does not attract him any more than it attracts most of our Captains of Industry, men whose brains cannot find interest in superficialities. His chief interests are his business, his family, his " men," as he calls all who work for him, travel and motoring. Golf and other active sports rather bore him; he spends a great deal of time reading, writing and planning—always thinking of that business which he could sell for $130,000,000, but which is so much a part of him that were he to sell he would be selling himself. In the daily business life Armour is democratic and easy to approach. His nature is companionable.

The war put to the test the efficiency he created in his business. The way he met our entrance into the war was characteristic of him—straight, clear thinking, agreeably bereft of buncombe and spread-eagling. At once Armour issued a statement. It read:

> " Whether it is patriotism or selfishness that moves us counts little in the actual outcome. We may not all realize it but, as a nation and as free men, we have staked all and shall win or lose all.
>
> "The government of the United States can have Armour & Company.

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"The government of the United States can have J. Ogden Armour.

"The government of the United States can have any man or group of men of Armour & Company.

"There will be no requests for exemptions. When a man is irreplaceable the government will be so notified and it can take its choice of where it wants him to serve."

Of course our government at once took advantage of this offer and Armour men were called to Washington and called overseas. Came an unheard of demand for food products, for our army and for the civilian populations of European Allies. It is a matter of record that the organization Armour had built stood every strain. Time and again orders telephoned from Washington for cars to be sent to the seaboard would be filled and the cars on their way by the time the written confirmations of these orders reached the packing-plant. With Armour in personal charge of the situation, with "war orders" naturally receiving first consideration, the smooth machinery of this industry which came into being because of the love of man for it, the work of Herbert Hoover in Europe and the feeding of our army went on without a hitch. Overnight, an enormous problem, that of feeding a modern army, was solved; and it was solved because in the packing-plants the organization was already in existence. And Armour says that it was done with the least possible net profit, indeed at a profit of only one and four-fifths cents per dollar of sales.

RADICAL REMEDIES FOR INFLATED PRICES

ECONOMIC turmoil follows war. With prices of the essentials of life rising, impelled by a number of causes most of which have their roots in the battlefields of Europe, there rises also popular clamor. The war has halved the purchasing power of our dollar. What it was sufficient to pay for in 1916, it cannot begin to pay for today. There will of course be a readjustment, but in the present turbulence there have come into being radical and theoretical remedies, ideas for legislation which will reduce our living costs, restore the purchasing power of our dollar. Possibly!

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Among the remedies which Congress, hearing the complaints of our people about the high cost of living, is considering is legislation aimed at the packers, the Kenyon and Kendrick bills. We have all heard one side of the story, the charges against the packers. Is it not interesting to hear the other side of the story, what the packers say? At the request of THE FORUM, J. Ogden Armour has expressed himself as follows:

A MENACE TO AMERICAN BUSINESS

By J. OGDEN ARMOUR

REAL menace to the business interests of this country exists in such examples of radical and theoretical legislation as are presented by the Kenyon and Kendrick bills. More serious still, they would add to the cost of living, under which the country is staggering. They would reduce production and efficiency and increase the cost of operation as in the case of the government-operated railroads. Politics inevitably would be injected into the situation.

These measures provide for government license of the meat-packing business and their allied industries—a license so far-reaching as to provide autocratic government control. This would be less desirable in many respects than complete government operation. Under complete government operation the Administration would be held accountable by the voters for extravagance or failure to reduce the cost of living. Under the kind of government operation planned, the federal officials could disintegrate a business by a blundersome policy due to inexperience in management, ignorance of its needs and carelessness as to its ultimate fate, and then blithely shed responsibility as a duck's back sheds water.

A BAD PRECEDENT

IF such legislation is passed, it will establish a precedent for operating other lines of business by the license system. It is not at all unlikely that the steel industry, the coal industry, the oil fields, stock raising, general farming, dairies,

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might eventually feel the steel fetters, the repressing influence of government operation by license. It would not be difficult to pass a law after such a precedent had been established, to require automobile manufacturers, or newspapers, or magazines, to take out licenses and fix the price for cars and advertising under government operation.

Too many of us are inclined to view legislative measures which may be the wedges for far-reaching radical laws with complacency. They are as unprepared for the industrial unheaval which is certain to follow, as was this country for war. They will gain experience, but how costly experience is has been demonstrated in the last few years. The people of this country are paying dearly for unpreparedness in enormous taxes and excessive living costs and will continue to pay for generations. Do they want to pay still higher taxes and still greater costs of living to make a Roman holiday for legislative experimenters?

EVILS OF GOVERNMENT CONTROL

UNDER such government control as is proposed business would lose initiative and incentive. There would be no encouragement to progress, to expand, to strike out in new fields of endeavor. Ambition would be strangled. Do you imagine that the wonderful by-products of the packing industry—the marvelous economies, the utilization of all waste, would have developed under government operation? Would our steel industry, our automobile factories, our oil fields, our lumber trade, have developed to their present extent under government operation? Compare our railroads as they existed before the government took hold of them with the government railroads of France and their ramshackle toy rolling stock and their higher rates. Consider the government telegraph and telephone lines abroad with those operated by private corporations in this country. Ours are a hundred per cent better.

As an example of government management, we have only to consider the railroads. The railroad situation in this country is extremely critical. Operating expenses have

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advanced to dimensions almost beyond belief. They are still advancing. Freight rates have reached a point which materially add to the high cost of living and we may reasonably expect another advance in freight rates soon. Passenger rates have advanced so that many people are remaining at home because they cannot afford to ride on the trains.

Railroad freight rates and passenger fares are as much a cost of living as bread or meat or clothing or house rent.

AUTOCRATIC POWER IN NEW LEGISLATION

THE Kenyon bill, now before the committee on Agriculture and Forestry of the United States Senate, provides for an elaborate licensing system, under which no one would be allowed to engage in any of the following businesses without a license and permission from the United States Secretary of Agriculture:

1. Slaughtering live stock.
2. Preparing live-stock products for sale.
3. Marketing live-stock products.
4. Conducting or operating a stockyard.
5. Live-stock commission.
6. Collecting or distributing live-stock market quotations or market news.
7. Buying, selling or shipping dairy products, poultry or poultry products in excess of $500,000 a year.

Under this measure government operation of the packing-plants of the United States is established. The Secretary of Agriculture is granted autocratic power to issue or withhold a license to any packing-plant in this country. He is also given arbitrary power to make such rules and regulation for the conduct of the packing-houses as he may decide.

The Secretary of Agriculture is given power to regulate prices, the method of doing business, the character of the plants to be used, the method of handling of live stock and is given authority to regulate every branch of the service. Licensees are compelled to agree in advance to obey every such regulation.

The Secretary of Agriculture is given complete auto-

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cratic power to run the packing business of the United States, even to the point of requiring any packing-plant to open all of its facilities "to accommodate other manufacturers and shippers." Under the Kenyon bill all packing-houses, large and small, would be taken out of the hands of the men who have developed them to a high state of efficiency upon a narrow margin of profit and placed in the hands of subordinates of the Agricultural Department, who might be entirely unfamiliar with their practical operation and management.

No business in the world calls for more careful, efficient supervision than that of slaughtering live stock and distributing the meat and by-products. Unfamiliarity with the business, carelessness and inattention to intricate details will be followed by disastrous results not only upon the industry but on the marketing system and consumers. It would be like an inexperienced man trying to run the intricate machinery of an ocean liner, or a person without previous experience attempting to make a flight in an aeroplane across the Atlantic. How could you expect the average political employee, intelligent enough in other directions, to manage the operation of refrigerator cars, or to say how and when and why products were to be shipped to branch houses throughout the country?

THE MEAT PACKERS MENACED

ANOTHER radical provision contained in this proposed legislation requires all persons engaged in the business of slaughtering live stock and preparing live-stock products for sale to sell and dispose of within two years any stockyards or interest therein owned by them. This requirement would be detrimental alike to the packers, producers and consumers. The packing companies in some instances have been obliged to take a financial interest in the stockyards contiguous to the packing-houses in order that there may be a suitable place for the cattle, hogs and sheep as they are received. The stockyards are in effect "hotels" for the live stock. The meat animals must be unloaded, fed, watered and cared for carefully so that their marketable condition will not be impaired. All shippers have equal rights in these yards. There

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is no discrimination in favor of any class. Stock for the packing-houses or stock which is held until it is purchased for shipment to other sections are on exactly the same basis. The stockyards constitute an open competitive market for all.

The meat packers have little interest in the stockyards beyond maintaining them at their present high state of efficiency. They apprehend that placing them under the direction of inexperienced subordinates of the Department of Agriculture who have no personal interest in the matter, no incentive, would be to lessen present efficiency. It is reasonable to suppose that expenses would be advanced in the yards as they are in all other government departments, and that producers, shippers, consumers would have to pay the bills.

That provision of the Kenyon bill which would prevent the meat packers from engaging in any other business or in the sale or manufacture of any other product would constitute a loss to the producers of the country as well as to the retailers and consumers. The consuming public would be deprived of the marketing facilities of the various packers, which are an important factor in reducing the cost to consumer of many commodities.

The importance of some method for general distribution of food products such as is conducted by the packers by means of refrigerator cars and hundreds of branch houses has recently been strikingly illustrated. The Government has on hand large quantities of meat and other food products, a big surplus of that purchased by the War Department for our Army. The difficulty in disposing of these stocks which run into millions of dollars worth of food has been due to the absence of any system providing for an uninterrupted flow of the product from the warehouse of the Government to the Consumer.

Under the operation of the Kenyon bill, refrigerator cars would be taken from the control of the Packers without any insurance of sufficient service and sufficient cars to take care of the meat supply of the country. What a demoralizing effect this would have on the distribution system of the Packers is apparent, when it is understood that at the present

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time there are not enough meat refrigerator cars in the United States to take care of the business. Taking the refrigerator car away from the meat packers would be to cause an immediate loss of efficiency.

Meat is one of the most perishable foods and any interference with its prompt distribution would immediately jeopardize the daily food supply of the great city, cause food famine and high prices. A large section of the country is depending entirely upon the daily operation of refrigerator cars for their supply of meat. New England and Eastern States particularly would be adversely affected if anything hinders the steady flow of meat to centers of consumption.

The Kenyon bill and similar measures present many unfair and unjust provisions as well as create a disturbance in Economic Laws. Licenses of meat packers may be arbitrarily revoked and the companies thrown into receivership, merely because some minor employee fails to observe all rules and regulations and in spite of the fact that he had been directed by his employers to observe all rules. That is a bad law. The Kenyon bill safeguards such injustice by limiting the free right of appeal to the court to which every citizen should be entitled.

Under the operation of these stepping stones to government operation and government ownership, which commit us to paternalism, extensions and improvement in packing-plants would be made difficult to finance, as a result of the inevitable depreciation of property. We have seen how much needed extensions in the railroad systems of this country have stopped under government operation.

Such legislation is entirely in opposition to the principles of American citizenship and progress. It is autocratic, socialistic and radical to the last degree, giving a single government official authority over the entire packing industry of the United States with an investment of billions of dollars, striking at the very foundation of our industrial life. It would demoralize an important industry that it has taken many years to build up and in my belief will be followed by increased cost of living and add greatly to social unrest.

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THE WAR-QUEEN THAT SURVIVED

By H. DEWISSEN

CANUTE, son of Sweyn, sat on the sands and the salt flood of the sea encroached upon his royal feet. Remarking something to the effect that he was King, Canute ordered the tide to go back . . . When out of the havoc of the Great War peoples grew turbulent, great and little Canutes of the Continent sat on the sands and watched democracy creeping up upon them in a cold, impersonal way which showed no more reverence for them than did the briny waters for the august ankles of old Canute, the Dane. Some of the kings who sat on the sands felt very tired and did not even bother to tell the tides of democracy to go down. It was much more pleasant just to go to Switzerland, or Paris, and forget. Only a very few of the royalty of our day failed to escape trouble from the rising tides. But some did. That may be because there are always people to go against the current tendencies of life; were there not, life would be incredibly dull. There are always people who like to kiss royal hands, who go into ecstasies when a royal voice says, "My people, I love you," and there are always those who love to congregate at street corners and, when an ancient royal vehicle, surrounded by clattering postilions, passes, cheer loyally and very splendidly. All of which makes for a little dash of color in the world. Which brings us to royalty which did not have to say, "Go back!" for there was no cold tide of democracy rising against it. I refer to the royalty of Belgium, to Albert and to Elizabeth, they who rule in Brussels today.

Why with thrones tottering, with half the royalty of Europe fled from the lands they used to rule or in daily fear of revolution, why, with Demos stalking up and down the

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continent driving kings and queens to cover, has Belgian royalty survived? Perhaps it is because of the Queen, she who is to be the Nation's guest in the White House at Washington. You have seen her photographs? She is one of those to whom the camera is not kind. Elizabeth is a woman of striking beauty who looks years younger than she really is. Her eyes are quite wide apart, frank and direct, the blue in them has a shine like stars. Of medium height, she is not, as her photographs generally convey, very tall, nor, as the camera suggests, is her profile too long; rather her face is small and exquisitely featured. Its expression is quite spirituelle. The most striking thing about her is her eyes, in the clear gaze of which glow high idealism and strong courage. She showed heroism when the war came—Elizabeth was a German.

ELIZABETH TREADS THE PATH OF HONOR

BORN in Bavaria, the daughter of the late Duke Karl Theodore, Elizabeth was one of those German noblewomen whom the Kaiser contrived to instal upon thrones which he coveted. Now and again the plans of Potsdam went wrong. With Elizabeth they went decidedly wrong. Try to imagine yourself in her position on that August day five years ago when the armies of the land of her birth hammered at the gates of her adopted country, demanding admittance. See her in the palace at Brussels, making with her husband the momentous decision. For the Germans had said in effect, "Let us march our armies through Belgium and we will pay for any damage that may be done the country as a result." The German blood of Elizabeth might have inclined her to the Kaiser's cause, might have tempted her to influence her husband to that end. Well did she know the German army and what combating it would mean. Well did she know that, before Belgium took the field against Germany, Belgium was defeated. Well did she know the destruction that would come to her new country, the terrible vengeance the Kaiser would wreak upon it, were she, a German duchess, to oppose him. But with her clear courageous eyes, Elizabeth looked the

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The Unshaken Throne of Belgium

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future in the face and though what she saw must have made her shudder, she chose the path of honor. And the German wrath fell.

Months later, living with her husband in that little remnant of Belgium land but ten miles long at the sea and extending inland about thirty miles where it came to a point, an area in which there was hardly an undestroyed town, an area partly covered by the floods of the sea, Elizabeth thought of her childhood in her native Bavaria, and of those she had loved there, and her eyes grew very misty. In a grave, low voice, she pronounced what seemed to be a sentence upon Germany, land of her birth.

"Between them and me," she said, "there has fallen a curtain of iron which will never again be lifted."

Elizabeth during the war became great in the eyes of her people. They adored her more and more as the war went on. When in November of 1918 she rode with Albert into Brussels, they strewed flowers in her path. Her bravery, her sacrifice, her undying courage and her sublime faith in her people endeared her to them. That is why they welcomed her home as Queen while other royalties were fleeing for their lives.

BRAVING THE HORRORS OF WAR

THE people of Belgium have not always been well ruled. There was Leopold, that impure old man who squandered the royal treasury. The jewels of kings and queens have been pawned. Mistresses have coaxed great sums of money from royal hands and court jewels have gone into most unroyal pawn; and the people have muttered. Now Elizabeth pawned her jewels. She pawned them, though, so that she might have more money to spend upon the care of the wounded—and her people cheered.

Imagine this woman, during the war, living in a modest house at La Pannes, once a cheap summer resort on the Belgian sand dunes. There were other places for her to live in Europe, gorgeous villas in France, but while there was a square mile of her country that was not yet in German hands,

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she declined to leave it. She lived within range of the great guns; she heard them night and day. From her cottage she could see British monitors plowing in the off-shore swells, and throwing shells over the heads of her own soldiers into the ranks of those who had once been her countrymen. She lived beneath the wrath of the Kaiser's aeroplanes which now and again flew over La Pannes and hurled down bombs and steel-tipped darts, two hundred at a time. She was separated from her two youngest children; they were refugees in England. And again and again Elizabeth braved the horrors of a channel crossing, made the trip incognita on a darkened little steamer for which Tirpitz's submarines hunted. She went down into the Belgian trenches, insisted upon going there, into the very first line, so that she might know just what were the conditions under which her soldiers fought. She saw two-thirds of her army blasted away. She spent the hours of the day and many of the hours of the night in her hospital for the wounded. She even went up to the front to tend the wounded under fire, and her people loved her the more.

When Albert went to Bavaria and courted her and married her in Munich and brought her to Brussels in state, the Belgians were very glad. They were tired of the scandals about old King Leopold and of the dull days at court while he was away from Brussels busy with his speculations, travels and affairs. They knew that when the sweet-mannered duchess came to the court all would be changed in Brussels and that gayety and morality would once more come to reign. For life, to her, seemed like a stream of mountain water—peaceful and clear. Once she said, "I am like happy nations—I have no history."

When she became Albert's consort, she began to do the most tactful things to endear herself to her people. She knew the dark stain upon her uncle-in-law's reign, the "Congo Atrocities." She aimed to do everything in her power to remove this stain. Soon she was organizing flower fêtes, the proceeds from which were for various benefits for her people. When she raised many thousands of dollars to combat the

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sleeping sickness in the Congo, it was a master-stroke of tact that helped greatly to erase the memory of Leopold's evil in the Belgian Colony. And when Elizabeth gave a party to 1,800 women at the Palace, inviting dairymaids as well as duchesses, the whole country loved her.

A ROYAL PRACTISING PHYSICIAN

FROM her father, the Bavarian duke, she inherited a skill in medicine. Up to the time of his death, he had removed more than 6,000 cataracts and Elizabeth was his assistant at these delicate operations upon the eye. She came to Belgium well equipped to do something practical for the good of the people of her new country. Only a few years before her marriage to Albert, she had taken her degree as a doctor of medicine at the University of Leipzig. Also, she had had active practice and nursing in a hospital at Kreuth, Germany. She continued her interest in medicine when she came to the Belgian throne. She organized various funds for combating tuberculosis, and it was a hobby of hers to teach young women how to nurse. Perhaps it was an unconscious foresight which saw the need for nurses in the war that was to come. In Brussels she built a dispensary where she conducted classes and illustrated her talks by the practical application of bandages. Before the war many were the charity patients who left the hospital happy in the acquaintance of Elizabeth and proudly displaying a bandaged arm saying: "Her Majesty herself dressed my arm. No wonder it is healing so quickly."

Stories like that were repeated the length and breadth of Belgium, all contributing to endear her to the hearts of the people. They knew that she was the chief physician to her husband and to her children. As King Albert once wrote to his sister, "It is of no use pretending to have a headache to escape from some stupid function, for Elizabeth always doctors me up and sends me along."

EXPERT MOTORIST AND COOK

BUT medicine was not her only interest. An enthusiastic motorist, she knew every trick of driving a car, and she

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could repair one too. The Belgians like to tell of a little incident that happened just before the war. With her husband, Elizabeth was motoring to a dinner engagement at a country château when one of the tires burst. The royal couple were unattended. Albert frankly admitted that he knew nothing about repairing a tire. "We shall be stranded here." But Elizabeth tucked up her skirt and went to work in the dusty road with a will. The result was that they were able to keep their engagement and the Queen had added another to the list of her democratic achievements. An eager student of literature, she has published books and essays upon a variety of subjects, mostly scientific. The Belgians like her because, in addition to being very human and always wanting to do something for her people, she has ability.

Another one of her hobbies is a cooking school which she founded just before the war, often visiting it and sometimes taking a hand in instructing pupils. Anent her skill as a cook the Belgians used to like to tell a story, one, however, that is not told today.

After her marriage to Albert, Elizabeth was spending a summer with her husband as a guest of the German Crown Prince and his wife in the Black Forest. Albert and the Crown Prince went off on a hunting party one afternoon, Elizabeth and the German Crown Princess Cecilie preferring not to join in the chase. It was arranged that they should all meet later in a glade in front of a charcoal-burner's hut. On the hour, Albert and the Crown Prince and their suites gathered at the rendezvous in the glade, but their wives were not to be seen. Anxiety was beginning to be expressed for their safety, for it is easy to lose one's way in the Black Forest. Then a girlish laugh issued from the charcoal-burner's hut. The Crown Prince pushed open the hut door, but recoiled before two black hands. It seems that Elizabeth and Cecilie, arriving ahead of time, had entered the hut, and, finding a bag of potatoes had proceeded to roast them on a charcoal fire. Of course, everyone was compelled to eat the royal dish and, as the story goes, Albert was so enchanted with potatoes done this way that he insisted upon Elizabeth teaching the

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palace cooks how to prepare them, on their return to Belgium.

But from fraternizing with the German Crown Prince in the Black Forest to dodging the bombs of his aeroplanes in Belgium was a great and horrible jump. As Elizabeth said, during the war, about the people of the land in which she was born, "There has been some change in them. They used not to be like this. The Crown Prince, whom I knew very well in my childhood, was gentle, and nothing in him led one to expect— Think of it as I may, day and night, I cannot understand— No, in the old days they were not like this. Of that I am sure."

It is that spiritual quality in Elizabeth which makes her sorrow even with peace now here. "Ah," she says, "rebuild? Certainly it will be possible to rebuild but it will never be more than an imitation, and for me something essential will always be lacking. I shall miss the soul of Belgium which has passed away."

What were her thoughts during the war, when, before the windows of her little cottage at La Pannes, the tattered and tired survivors of the Belgian army lined up for review? There is a sandy, tiny fishing village, once a summer resort, she lived, on one side the sea, on the other the colorless, shadeless dunes. Here on the beach with her oldest son, Prince Leopold, now eighteen, she walked, thinking of her other children, the fourteen-year-old Prince Charles and the eleven-year-old Princess Marie Jose, refugees in England; thinking of her husband at the front, living simply and waiting—that terrible waiting, year after year, until the day came when she could return to Brussels. For Elizabeth never had any doubt but that some day she would return. Her faith in the future was sublime.

MAKES A PIPE FOR A WOUNDED POILU

THERE at the Belgian front, in the trenches along the railroad at Pervyse, is a sign which says, "*Repose de la reine;*" it marks the place where Elizabeth was under the fire of the German bullets. La Pannes teams with stories of her

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work during the war. The Belgian base hospital, called the Ocean Ambulance, was under her direct supervision. Not a day passed but that she visited it. She made it her business to know every soldier who came there wounded. The army loved her. Her appearance always brought a demonstration from the soldiers. Pictures of her were to be found in dug-outs, nailed to the walls of sentry-boxes and plastered on the doors of buildings that were the staff headquarters of various units of the Belgian army. No bother was too great for her. Once, a French soldier was brought to La Pannes wounded. He was inconsolable, not about the wound but over the loss of his pipe. It was his sole possession. Other pipes were given him but the bowls were not just the same, the stems had not quite the curve of his own. Elizabeth went to see this French private and she talked to him about his pipe. While he described it to her, she made a sketch of it. Presently there came to the poilu a gift from Elizabeth—an exact duplicate of the lost pipe. She had had it made for him.

While she was at La Pannes, she never ceased to wonder over the way she had been deceived by the apparent friendliness of the Germans. "I am a Bavarian," she once said, "I have always from childhood heard this talk that Germany must grow, must get to the sea. I thought it was just talk—a pleasantry."

When Mary Roberts Rinehart, that remarkable American woman of the war, went to see Elizabeth at La Pannes, she talked to her in a living-room from which the draught had to be excluded by heavy curtains across the windows. The American woman related that Elizabeth went white over the recollection of diaries of German soldiers that she had read in the very room where she received her visitor. "It is the women and children," Elizabeth lamented. "It is terrible. There must be killing. That is war. But not this other thing."

Her admiration for her husband is tremendous. As she said, "Anyone who knows the King, knows that he cannot do a wrong thing. It is impossible for him. He cannot go any way but straight."

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A WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

NIGHT after night, year after year, she sat with her husband in the draughty room of the little house that overlooks the sea at La Pannes, while the windows rattled with the wind and shook now and then to the blast of the great guns. She sat with him looking into the fireplace on cold evenings, seeing in the flames there . . . what? Did she see what was left of the little Belgian army, shivering in the trenches but a few miles away? Did she see conjured up in the flames of the fireplace the faces of those Belgians living behind the German lines in a virtual slavery, impoverished by the German indemnities placed upon them with the flimsiest of excuses? Did she see her two young children separated from her by miles of water where lurked the submarines? Did she see the boyish bewildered faces of those who were dying at the front because a madman had dreamed of conquering the world?

"I have faith in our destinies," her husband had said on August 3rd, 1914. "A country which defends itself wins respect and cannot perish." And because Albert said the words which were in Elizabeth's heart too, she was four years a woman without a country, but not without a people, for she suffered with them. And they knew it.

Triumphant now, her faith in an infinite justice which she always believed would restore Belgium justified, her visit to America comes as an agreeable climax to her career during the war. From the very start of the war her attitude toward America was one of gratitude. Far from reflecting the spirit shown here and there in other European nations she never uttered a word of criticism toward us standing aloof from the conflict for so long; nor would she permit criticisms about us to be uttered in her presence. Rather, she was very happy in the work that the Belgian Relief Commission was doing for her people behind the German lines and she never had anything but praise for the untiring efforts of Brand Whitlock, the American minister in Brussels, who ever strove to mitigate the harshness of the German administration of her people. And always in Belgium's darkest hour,

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there was her hope that some day the United States would come to the rescue.

KING ALBERT'S FIRST AMERICAN VISIT

IT is her first visit to America, but not the first for her husband. Years ago, when he was still the Belgian Crown Prince, Albert came among us. He avoided public functions and display. He did not come for a good time. He came to help to fit himself to be ruler of his little nation. He spent most of his time visiting our mines, factories and great industrial plants; for Belgium is one of the busiest manufacturing countries in Europe. It was the wish of Elizabeth's husband that he learn everything he could that might benefit his people.

Like him, Elizabeth possesses rare tact and judgment. It was her idea that he go to the Congo and learn at first-hand the conditions which had come into being there during Leopold's reign and put a blot upon Belgium's name. Also, she concurred in his idea that he go not in state, but quietly. And while Albert with a few companions was traveling across the Belgian Congo, Elizabeth in Brussels was raising money to help better the condition of the natives in that colony.

She has a deep love for children. Perhaps nothing distressed her so much during the war as the sight of hundreds of Belgian children who somehow had managed to find their way down to that tiny wedge-shaped shattered piece of land which, until the German retreat in 1918, was all there was of Belgium under her husband's rule. There at La Pannes, she found the children, their fathers in the trenches or under the ground, their mothers back in the Belgian villages where goose-stepped the booted brutes of the Kaiser, meeting tortures that were perhaps worse than death. Often in her quiet way Elizabeth sought out these little tots who had gathered on the sand dunes. One day she talked to every child in a group of over fifty, and gave each one a sweetmeat and the mother's pat.

During her visits to the military hospital wards, she was

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careful to inquire into the need of each particular case. If a fever patient required fresh milk, she saw to it that a quart reached him every day. No matter what the want was, she saw to it that it was gratified. At La Pannes she disdained all court pomp and was more a queen for having done so. Often she would sit upon the low stone wall of her garden and nod with a bright smile to all who passed. Time and again she came unannounced to the doors of the few cottages in the village dropping in for a visit. She was proud when her oldest boy, Leopold, marched into the trenches with the 12th Belgian Infantry. Like his father the boy is tall and fair, and sensitive and quiet.

Perhaps an incident that happened at La Pannes during the war conveys an impression of Albert and of her. One day, Poincaré, the French President, with his Minister of War and a large group of officers made an inspection of the Belgian front and a visit to Elizabeth's hospital. It was one of those brief perfunctory visits of officialdom. Busily talking to the doctors, the French President had a way of hurrying on ahead, going through doorways first, his retinue following at his heels. Behind, alone, came a tall shy man who speaks in a low voice and who is so shy that the color has a way of coming and going in his face when you ask him anything concerning himself. During that inspection of the hospital, the tall man walked alone. Indeed, he always seemed to be alone. He seemed not to want the trappings and the fanfares of royalty about him. Now only a simple nature can be careless of its own dignity, and Albert, King of the Belgians, has a simple nature. So has Elizabeth and, because they both made themselves soldier-comrades, nurse-comrades, with their people during the war, they have survived, while royalty elsewhere has gone down to destruction, or is clinging to shaking thrones or chopping trees and hearing voices—quite mad.

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THE POLITICAL MORALITY OF DEMOCRACY

Act III of the National Drama and Unpublished Epilogue

By HON. LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN

IN the beautiful month of June, 1919, the last act of that strange drama, "For the Safety of Democracy," reached its climax. The "Pape-r-r-s" were delivered, democratic virtue was declared triumphant and Senators assembled to receive them were left alone with their thoughts as the great American audience was also.

So far as human interest was concerned, this great scene of the Third Act was not enthusiastically received by those of us who were in the front rows, in Washington. The audience had not foreseen one thing necessary to the success of any drama involving a national plot, that it must make a conclusive argument, must bring the curtain down in some positive triumph of situation. The Treaty should have had at least one of the fourteen points, it should have been delivered, also, with more confidence than it was. The stage-business may have been at fault. To leave the Treaty on the table of the Senate after a somewhat listless delivery of an indefinite long speech of self-appreciation, was poor drama. It was an anti-climax, a situation in the drama full of dignity and impressive purpose, but it failed to come up to expectations because the interest of the great scene, the return of the leader with the precious document under his arm, was tame in comparison with those spectacular scenes that had gone before, scenes in which the ideals of open covenants, no indemnities, peace without victory, and all of the fourteen points had stirred the peoples of Europe to expectant enthusiasm.

Standing at last alone, in the uncongenial chill of the Senate Chamber, unsupported by the genial personalities of

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Lloyd George and Clemenceau, one felt, as this last scene of the ambitious play came to a close, that the authors had found it impossible to sustain in their leader the theme of political morality they originally intended. That is one of the dangers of over-ambitious authorship in political drama. The higher the ideal attained, the more expectant is the American audience.

FOREIGN TRICKS OF DRAMATIC SURPRISES

I AM inclined to think that it is better for the success of our native political drama, written for the American people, that it avoid these foreign tricks of dramatic surprise and secret incident. American drama is presumably for the American people, and they are not interested in the problems of European diplomacy so much as they are in a straightforward story in which humor is injected that is in keeping with the true character of a great republic where no one man dares to see himself greater than he is, where the solemn duty of maintaining the principles of that republic are not vested in the single judgment of a single individual.

This is one of the chief weaknesses of the "Safety of Democracy" as American drama. Of course the contents of the "Pape-r-r-s" established the whole theatrical delusion. The American audience was told, or soon discovered, that they were the absolute proof positive that "The Child Was In London." In fact, it may have been born there, a strong, wise, healthy child of political parentage, the infant we had suspected would issue from the romance of such charm and united affection as that of the League of Nations. In the Heart of the Treaty was its birth-certificate, signed and admitted by its five powerful stepfathers, and their alluring partners.

By virtue of a passionless conception conceived in the immaculate relation of secret conferences publicly announced, this heir to future democracy may not survive. It will probably remain in London, where its American ideals will be shattered, and its ancestry become clouded in new discoveries about its posthumous parentage.

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THRILLING MOMENTS IN THE DRAMA

THE child was christened "Morality." No other name could describe it so well. In fact what else could you call the issue of such ideals as it was pledged to? When that mighty ocean yacht, the *George Washington,* sailed away from the foreign shores of Hoboken for its initial romantic course over the Atlantic, we saw at once what would happen. The scene is well remembered, one of the most effective and romantic moments in the political drama. Standing on the bridge of the brave ship, embarking, as we felt, on a dangerous but courageous mission, the stepfather of our country, and several other countries now, went his way of political morality. The Vice-President, instantly alarmed but outwardly tolerant of the greatest adventure in American history, was left alone to keep house in the United States—till it was over.

The political conception of the situation made Americans in the great audience of the world watching this scene applaud loudly, while others gasped at this new thrill. Then followed scene after scene of splendor. One could scarcely doubt the sincerity of the promises made—no indemnities, open covenants, peace without victory, and no more wars. If, for the safety of democracy, it had been necessary to include the miracle of walking on the water it would have been promised also. At least one felt that the impossible was not beyond bounds of academic wisdom.

At all these earlier scenes of the drama, one naturally watched with awe and wonder their audacity and marveled sometimes at the credulity of the authors. History will undoubtedly inscribe the name of Col. Edward M. House as one of them. To him will belong the credit for that dream-child Treaty—"Morality."

We probably shall never know what diplomatic scandals were involved in its birthright, nor may it ever be revealed what actual secret ceremony of baptism it received. Who blessed it, who actually confessed to its parentage? After all, it may have been smuggled on the *George Washington* at Hoboken and afterwards become a pet at the Peace Con-

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ference and finally adopted by Lloyd George and nursed by Colonel House till the Treaty was signed. Then, to legitimatize its political importance everyone in the League of Nations adopted it. So, it may have become the infant of European diplomacy after it reached Europe, for according to the voluminous record of the Treaty it is the issue of many, and, therefore, when the curtain fell on the last Act of the drama, the American people began to think about it, the authors discovered that there should have been an epilogue to clear up the mystery of political "Morality," which is the theme of the drama. That epilogue may some day be produced.

AN ADVANCE GLIMPSE AT THE EPILOGUE

IT has been my privilege to glimpse a little of it in advance. The episodes of the epilogue occur in Washington. The time is the home-coming. The scenes are laid in the Senate Chamber, in a committee room in the Capitol, in the White House. There are several villainous characters who appear to treat, with contemptuous demeanor, the sacred tablets on which are written the proposed laws for the Nations of the world. They are properly described as Bolsheviks by the faithful defenders of the tablets, the crusaders of democracy made safe and solvent. At the beginning of the epilogue there is much dramatic conversation, well written, but wasted in creating the impression that the Treaty must be signed in great haste. When the villains openly declare their intention to defy the " Pape-r-r-s," the leader becomes stern and uncompromising. These earlier scenes of the epilogue create suspense. They promise in the outset a conflict of authority.

The principal characters are the leader, a group of statesmen under the direction of Mr. Hitchcock, and a group of villains under the direction of Mr. Lodge and other Senators, scratching their heads, meditating, writing letters home, picturesquely grouped here and there.

The directions in the manuscript of the epilogue instruct that Democratic Senators listen intently to each other, and that the villainous Senators visit and talk with each other

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when the Democratic statesmen are addressing the faithful but weary Vice-President in the chair. The epilogue aims to justify the Treaty, to make it a magnificent testimony to the political morality of democracy, interrupted by the villainous Senators who attempt to rob it of its most cherished principles, which appear to have been left out anyway. There is a good deal of human interest developed in the opening scenes when the democratic crusaders and the villains openly challenged each other in sharp charge and discharge of personal opinion.

As the Act progresses it is seen that the leader is perplexed. It transpires that he is being attacked for personal rather than national reasons. Of course, this is purely the fiction of drama, in which villainy must appear to dominate, that sympathy with the chief character may be increased.

The conversations are rather long in the beginning, though occasionally promising of a good row, until the scene shifts to the Foreign Relations Committee and the Shantung episode precipitates a vital interest. In this scene it is shown that Japan has kidnapped a few million Chinamen with the consent of the greatest European statesmen, including our own lone statesman. I predict that this scene will become so unpopular that it will be necessary to cut it out. In spite of its masterly interpretation of the unfortunate entanglements of diplomacy it is a situation that may compel the ringing down of the curtain in a riot of protest. I trust the author of this thrilling bit of political melodrama will find a way to eliminate it altogether. At present, it is so tightly entangled in the future happiness of political morality, so closely related to the wishes of Great Britain, France, Italy, and of course Japan, that it may be necessary to abandon the ideas that have created the entire theme of the play. In that case, instead of calling it "For the Safety of Democracy" some other title will be necessary. A new name for the whole thing might be "The Perils of Democracy." This is merely a personal suggestion.

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POLITICAL MORALITY MISCONSTRUED

I AM not an expert on political morality. Of course it is a theme that is not new to this country, but incomprehensibly misconstrued in the great drama of politics we have been witnessing since 1916.

The epilogue becomes excellent food for thought, from the beginning of the Shantung scene which I have just mentioned.

In the cast I did not see that good old friend of political drama, "The Voice of the People." To my mind this is a grave error. What can you do without this delightful, frank, uncompromising, powerful ally of political fiction and fact, "The Voice of the People"? From my knowledge of one of the authors of the play, a silent man, a man of profound secrecy, with private expedients of power, he has intended to merge the "Voice of the People" in the language of the dominating character of the play. His is the voice of the people, as well as the substance, the single embodiment of the people's will. When he speaks it is the "Voice of the People."

In the epilogue this conclusion is more definitely imposed, for in one of the final scenes in the White House, we see the leader preparing to go before the people in defence of their own voice already heard in Congress. The effect of this daring innovation in political drama is to betray the sincerity and the public integrity of Congress, to show that it does not represent the people adequately. This is a dangerous experiment. It arraigns the character of a great republic in its Congressional duty, challenges its judgment, questions its official personal capacity to legislate the will of the people. It says in effect, "Congress does not understand, does not grasp the importance of this great Treaty, nor will the people till I tell them about it."

THE GLORY OF A SAFE DEMOCRACY

OF course, as I have said, this epilogue, as I have seen it, may undergo much pruning and changing before it is produced. Such things have happened in political drama

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before. Last minute changes are always advisable. As incoherent policies become more distinct, everything brightens. The entire theme of the epilogue, as I have seen it, is to justify the glory of a safe democracy. To commit the National policy to a sort of international network of secret diplomacy that is not wholly revealed in the Treaty, and not entirely clear, above all, even to the authors of this plan to establish a republic of the world under a democratic sovereignty.

Through the entire epilogue runs an undercurrent of suspicion, largely contributed by the manner in which the leading character defines national issues. He appears to be intolerant of any criticism or argument of the work we have seen him doing through the play in Europe. There is one scene, in which a paper that represents the Franco-American agreement is withheld, and only after pressure is sent by a messenger from the White House to the Senate. Obviously a scene introduced to aggravate Congress, to add impressiveness to executive office.

To relate here, all that this epilogue contains, as I see it, would be to spoil public interest, perhaps to prejudice it. Suffice it to say that it is a bit of destructive political drama, that, instead of strengthening national feeling, mischievously divides and weakens its coherent strength. It will, when presented to the American people, invite questions of public importance no doubt. But while it reiterates the theme that all it intends to show is the splendid achievements of political morality, it will reveal a political morality that must be rejected.

It will show that:

Instead of no indemnities, there are many.

Instead of open covenants there were secret ones.

Instead of peace without victory there is victory without peace.

Instead of no annexations, there is an extended annexation.

This epilogue will have to be changed before it can ever be presented to the American people.

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FILMING GREAT FICTION

Can Literature Be Preserved in Motion Pictures?

By ALLAN DWAN

How many of us have wondered if we would ever be able to see that certain book we loved beyond all others, that favorite story, its characters flesh and blood to us, transferred to the motion-picture screen in form that did not make us writhe in our theatre chairs? From California, we heard that a man with some ideals of literature was working on just that thing—producing some of our greatest American novels with scrupulous care that the author's theme, spirit and characters be not ruined to gratify the whims or ego of Stars. So THE FORUM telegraphed Allan Dwan and asked him to write about his work; for it would seem to foreshadow that a new era is dawning in motion pictures and that literature on the screen may soon be a reality. For whereas Mr. Dwan's direction used to give us Stars in pictures, his talents are today occupied with more enduring Stars, with Richard Harding Davis, Harold MacGrath and other famous authors, whose books he is photographing, preserving their spirit.

MOTION pictures, that astonishing baby business, which in a few years developed into a husky industry, indeed the fifth largest in America, has yet to settle down. Swiftly the sheer novelty of motion photography seized the public imagination—the story did not matter much. Then came a period of "thrills"—and still the story did not matter much. Followed then, the period of Stars—and still the story did not matter much. Coming now is the day of the story—the story plus conception and production. And coming some day is the ideal story for motion pictures.

In our studio in Los Angeles I have just finished the production of a romance most of us have read—"Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis. I have just begun

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the production of Harold MacGrath's " A Splendid Hazard." Here are two American authors of merited literary position, men whose talents have made them internationally known and some of whose work will live on long after them. My problem was to take the theme, swing of the story, situations and characters from the authors' pages and transfer them to the screen so that you, remembering the story, would be pleased, and so that you, never having chanced to read it, would be pleased—briefly, holding old friends and making new friends for the tale. That is the test. When we do that we can bring literature to the screen, without fearing that authors will swoop down on us with injunctions or that their shades will turn in their graves.

PRESERVING AN AUTHOR'S CHARACTERS

IN "Soldiers of Fortune" I decided to use no Stars. Too often have I seen stories adapted to meet the "requirements" of a Star with the result that by the time the last wish of the Star was granted most of the original charm of the story had vanished. Not only that, it did not seem like common sense to spend large sums of money for stories by famous authors and then to have the story hardly recognizable when presented on the screen. For weeks I lived with Richard Harding Davis' novel. I read it again and again until I *felt* all the characters. I studied his men and his women until I knew them as intimately as one knows a few chosen persons in life. When I had gotten inside the minds of Davis' characters, so to speak, when I was certain that I knew just what kind of human beings they were—what they would think and say and do, and what they wouldn't—when I had reached that point I began to think of actors and actresses. Wanting to preserve the spirit of the story and its characterizations and balance I, of course, dismissed Stars from my mind. I engaged thoroughly capable actors and actresses whom I knew would faithfully seek to portray the characters in "Soldiers of Fortune," men and women who in one way or another could feel or be made to feel the parts they would play. Then one at a time I talked to them all, assuring myself that they all understood the characters which were their rôles.

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I cannot lay too much stress upon character. You have seen picture plays and the story seemed to be progressing well; keyed up to it, your imagination was functioning pleasantly, and then something happened. Something jolted you. The charm of "playing the play," of acting with the actors in your imagination, was gone. What had happened? More often than not it was some actor or some actress who did something, who gestured or grimaced or postured in a way that the flesh and blood character of that story would never have done. Failing that it was probably some "spoken title," a quotation as if a person were speaking flashed upon the screen; thus "YOU TOOK AWAY MY NAME AND GAVE ME A NUMBER; AND NOW I AM GIVING YOU BACK THAT NUMBER AND TAKING AWAY YOUR NAME." Now no one in the world ever said anything as precisely balanced as that in a moment of emotion or at any other time in real life—yet for some doltish reason characters are made to "say" mouthfuls of that sort on the screen. Why? Because the director who conceived the production never thought that a knowledge of psychology, of character, of life, was necessary.

Whether or no we are to reproduce literature on the screen and do it justice, rests entirely with the director. And because it seems to many of us who have seriously studied the making of motion pictures and have some ideals concerning our work and think of a day when it will be recognized as one of the arts by people other than those engaged in it—because it seems to us that the future rests with the director, let us consider his work. A director is given a story to transform into motion pictures. He must conjure up that story in his imagination until he sees every scene of it flickering across the screen in a darkened theatre. Events that an author sometimes disposes of in one trenchant sentence require hundreds of feet of celluloid film to relate. Again, pages and pages of descriptive text are turned over with instructions to carpenters and painters and "location men," they who find us our natural backgrounds, and those pages may be photographed in one brief scene and then discarded.

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PAINTING IN THE COLOR OF A STORY

THE author's pages glow with "color." The magic of his style brings the reader under the seductive sway of tropical nights, strikes chill in him with the horror of a mob. Now we must convey that "color" to the screen; and we do it by beauty of background, by beauty of photographic effects, by accuracy of costume and of locale and by studied selection for the right types to play our bystanders, and by really trying to apply the principles of mob psychology in working up the fury of our "mobs." These things of background, of color, of atmosphere are for the director to conceive and execute.

Comes then the guiding of the mentalities of your actors and actresses. Before I begin to photograph a scene I make sure that each and every man and woman appearing in it is absolutely sure of what the inner feelings of his or her character would be. I impress them with the reality of the situation. I try to work them up to a pitch where they are the living incarnation of the character they are portraying. Of course this is much easier with some actors than with others. The person with a keen imagination, who can imagine himself a Captain of Industry or a beggar of old France is, of course, easier to direct. A few years ago I made up my mind that "wooden acting" was holding back the artistry of motion pictures. Too often had I seen girls playing a scene with their minds on the bathing beach, and men with their minds on the waiting runabout outside the studio door. So I knew that it was a difficult job I was cutting out for myself, insisting that all the actors and actresses feel the characters they were depicting, for it is baffling to try and make some person, whose inner emotions have never been awakened by a tense situation in real life, act a tense scene without doing it "woodenly"—that is if the person is without imagination. Alas, there are many such!

MAKING PICTURES TO MUSIC

AND then there came to me an idea. At college, I had often seen quite colorless little fellows become, under the magic of a band and the cheering at a Big Game, raving

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maniacs, defiant and boisterous. Why not music in the motion-picture studio—music to stir sluggish imaginations and work up actors to concert pitch? I gave the idea a trial. It worked. Today I am never without an orchestra in the studio. Music is indispensable. I use it to create in my actors and actresses the proper moods for their scenes. I impress upon them the realness of the moment. I exhort them to be the real flesh and blood of the author's imagined character, and when I have lifted them out of themselves, so to speak, the music holds them in the mood.

Of course the classics are best. Who but a stone could not but make some response to the strains of the "Meditation of Thais"? Who can not but lose selfconsciousness to the rollicking lilt of the only waltz that Wagner ever wrote, that one in the "Meistersinger"? Who can not but feel the crash of doom in the last part of Strauss' "Salome"? Music may charm the savage breast; I never tried it; but music can stir up imaginations in a moving-picture studio; that I know. It would seem as though the great composers had done the great authors a service of which they never dreamed, with their masterpieces rousing men and women of today so that they are aided in feeling the characters of a writer's imagination, and thus truthfully visualizing them on the screen. So deeply am I impressed by the results I have had from using music as an inspiration to imagination that I am thinking over a plan to assign to each of my actors a musical "character tag line," changing it of course for different productions, as the characters change, a *leit motif* to be played whenever he or she is called upon to act in a situation.

I believe that authors are coming to realize that it is possible these days for their brain children to be entrusted to motion pictures without mayhem or infanticide resulting. Kipling, Ibsen, Flaubert, Conrad, Tolstoi and some of the best of our own American authors have had occasional works produced on the screen with more or less—chiefly less—satisfactory results. The mangling of stories in the past made many good authors camera-shy, but with signs of producers awakening to the truth that, like the play's the thing, so is the

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story, the best authors are now coming to regard the screen as a dignified vehicle of expression for their work.

Choosing as I do the books which I produce in pictures, one of course has to do an overwhelming amount of reading. I suppose we receive on the average about five "original scenarios" each day at the studio, and I am sorry, but these five a day have to be returned to their owners, for just now my interest is in picturing the best work of our best American authors. But some day there will come in an "original story" that will make us gasp our surprise, after which we'll give it a bear hug and never let go. For I have yet to see the ideal motion-picture story. Book after book, I read. Now and then, of course, one finds a gem admirably suited to pictures like Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" and Harold MacGrath's "The Luck of the Irish" and "A Splendid Hazard" which are a real pleasure in picturizing.

DWAN BELIEVES IN CLEAN ROMANCE

I SUPPOSE what appeals to me in their work appeals to you—both of these writers drawing such clean and decent American characters, clean, courageous, bold, adventurous men and plucky, charming women. Rising from the swampy printed pages of cocktail swilling girls, unfaithful wives and bad husbands, Davis' and MacGrath's heroes and heroines are like great gulps of fresh air. And I have sought to retain that fresh, breezy wholesomeness on the screen. The public is "fed up," as the English say, with sprawled out vamping ladies and fools that were; likewise the public is almost "fed up" with the insipid girlie-girlie sort of thing on the screen. The public likes action and bold, adventurous and honorable characters. The square-deal man who does the right thing must win; and the perfidious man must lose. More often than not such is the law of life. Why should not pictures show life? Why not also the "happy ending"? To be sure life has its unhappy endings as well. There are persons who deride motion pictures because so rarely one ends unhappily. There are of course those who find joy in being melancholy and dismal. When one thinks of all the unhappiness that the war

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brought into American homes, why send more gloom abroad in the land by introducing the thoughts caused by the unhappy ending, into the minds of the millions of our people who attend motion-picture shows? No, when people see one of my photoplays I like to feel that they can "pack up their troubles in the old kit bag and smile, smile, *smile*."

I like to make people smile and to make them thrill to action. The war affected us profoundly. It affected our vast army here and in France; it affected the millions of girl war-workers; it speeded up the thoughts of the old folks. Now, don't forget that very many of these people are motion-picture patrons. Also, they are going to demand action, speed in their pictures. The war keyed most of us up so high that the influence of it is felt today in what audiences demand—*action*.

From the many books I read, ever seeking stories for production, it is obvious to me, looking at it from the professional point of view, that the big authors of today are practically all writing their stories with the screen in view, their intent being to sell the motion-picture rights. American writing in the last two years has undergone a most decided change. Authors are omitting long descriptive passages; they are getting down to writing action. For action is what makes the most popular photoplays today—action with character—action springing into being because the characters are what they are; in other words the characters ever being "in character." For example, a sixty-year-old corporation lawyer, *not* suddenly becoming a "champion of the people." In life it is rare that you can teach an old dog new tricks; only on the screen, in poor books and poor plays is it done.

WHERE IS THE IDEAL FILM TALE?

THE most coveted stories for screen interpretation at the present time are stories by well known authors that have attracted wide attention, either as a book or a play. This really is a parasitical state for motion pictures to be in. We are using material for our pictures that was created for the pages of a book or for the speaking stage. Now the publishing business and the theatre have developed their own specialized writers; the motion picture has not. Perhaps that is

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because the growth of the industry has been so rapid. It remains that the ideal motion-picture writer and the ideal vehicle for a motion picture have yet to come. What the ideal will be one cannot tell.

One can merely have some ideas about the motion picture of the future. As we develop our art the printed title, the flashing of words on the screen, between the situations, will end. When the ideal stories are written for pictures it will no longer be necessary to explain to the audience on the screen what is supposed to be taking place there. Today an audience, when it sees a mother wringing her hands as a doctor works over her child, accepts almost as a matter of fact a title which may read "And the Great Reaper Swung his Scythe." Banal? Yes. Also poor technique. To me the explanatory title is like the soliloquy was on the stage, untrue to life, therefore absurd and bad art. To my mind titles on the screen should be used only for introductory purposes, but even then not as they are today. Until we evolve the ideal story for motion pictures, the story so built as to need no explanatory titles to check the rush of the action, we must use the material that offers until something better develops.

So have we come into the era of literature on the screen, transferring great books to the screen and preserving their spirit and characters. But after that we shall come into the era of our own true motion-picture writing. Just as the publishers have their authors, as the theatre has its playwrights, so shall we have our photoplaywrights. But they are not yet. So in the meantime we must present the best stories that are available, concentrate in presenting them as vividly as possible, giving them that touch wherever possible to make them vibrate with life as it is lived—which is as great authors write it. And now that I no longer have to direct Stars but have my own Allan Dwan Feature Productions, I am trying to do our best authors justice on the screen. By bringing literature before the camera, I may perhaps hasten the creation of a photoplay literature—the writing of ideal vehicles for the expression of the motion picture which is destined to be an art —I honestly believe.

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MAN-LIKENESS IN JUNGLE BEASTS

Studying Animal Intelligence in Africa's Wilds

By RICHARD L. GARNER

[DIRECTOR OF THE RECENT EXPEDITION OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION TO THE FRENCH CONGO. AND THE WORLD'S RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY ON THE ANTHROPOID APE.]

I HAVE given twenty-seven years of my life to a study of animal intelligence in the jungles of Africa. I have studied the creatures of the wild in their native state and in captivity. Facing them in combat, spying upon them from a steel cage that I erected in the jungle, enticing them into the range of my vision by planting gardens in clearings of the bush that tempted them to come and rob, sending natives through the forests to procure for me specimens alive—I have seen animals under practically all conditions. And from this intimate study of animals I have exploded for myself many a popular myth concerning them; also, I have learned truths which may at first seem almost more myth-like.

Have animals human attributes? What are the most intelligent animals? What of the storied sagacity of the dog, the horse, the cat, the elephant? What of these little creatures whose very name often conveys to the popular mind a connotation of ridicule—the monkeys? What of the popular tendency to ascribe to the dog almost human qualities and to scoff at the ape? What about Darwin? What is there in the jungle to justify or to condemn him? What of the Evolution of Man? Is its secret in the African wilds?

The jungle of Africa is a great treasure-house for those who would gain the wealth of science. There it is that one finds those animals whose mental qualities closest approach man's. I do not refer to dogs, nor to cats, nor to horses; but to the anthropoid apes. Chimpanzee, gorilla, gibbon, and ourang-outang, in the order named, verge nearer to the mentality of the lower horizons of man than do any

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other animals. And, on my last expedition to the French Congo, I discovered a chimpanzee of a slightly higher type than any I have yet seen. Perhaps it is premature, but I believe this chimpanzee to be a new species; it is new to the Smithsonian Institution, but the research data upon apes will have to be checked in all the scientific institutions of Europe before a new discovery can be officially announced. I may say, however, that the hand of this chimpanzee more closely approaches the human than any I have seen. There are no web-like tissues between the fingers and the hand is short and tapered like a woman's. Perhaps it is a step toward what is popularly called the "Missing Link."

Let us get this conception of the "Missing Link" straight. Darwin never meant that man was descended from the ape; he never meant that man evolved physically from the ape. Darwin was distorted by bigots, as are many scientists whose discoveries seem to shock smug and habitual thought. What Darwin taught was that there was a physical evolution up the animal scale toward the lower types of mankind. And of this the jungle gave me abundant proofs. Somewhere between the highest of the chimpanzees and the lowest of mankind there was an animal, or there were animals, with mentalities in between the ape and man. That is a "Missing Link." It is a mental link, however, instead of a physical link.

ANTHROPOID APES LEAD IN INTELLIGENCE

CONTRARY to popular belief, dogs and horses and cats and elephants are far down the scale in animal intelligence. Leading all the animals in mental power are the anthropoid apes in the order I have named them—chimpanzee, gorilla, gibbon and ourang. After them come the higher monkeys, called the "Old World Group," the monkeys of Africa and Asia, the cercocebi and the guenon; then the lower monkeys, the "New World Group," the South American "Ringtails." Then one finds a kind of monkey, siminoid, a transitional animal between the lemurs and true monkeys, creatures something like monkeys but more like racoons.

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And these animals are on about the same level as dogs, cows, cats, horses, lions, tigers, elephants, hippos and they all fall below the apes in the scale of intelligence.

"But I have a dog that is almost human!" someone says. It is not proper to compare that "very human" dog you have in mind with man. Just as well compare him to a horse. There is only one way to rate the intelligence of the dog in the animal kingdom. Compare him to his kin—the wolf. The difference between the dog and the wolf is the amount of *culture* that the dog has acquired from close association with man. Even with this, which is not the dog's own intelligence *per se,* he is no higher in the scale than the monkey and is indeed lower than the anthropoid apes. Give a chimpanzee the same cultural advantages of close association with man as the dog has received and the chimpanzee will elevate himself relatively higher on the scale than the dog has done. For the domesticated dog with all his culture is not as intelligent as the chimpanzee in the savage state. I love all animals and have no wish to belittle man's faithful companion, the dog, but I have lived among chimpanzees, as well as among dogs, for twenty-seven years.

MAN'S INFLUENCE UPON ANIMALS

SO it is with the domesticated cat. One must compare him with the wild felines—with his kin. And the difference between those and the house cat is the amount of culture that the cat has absorbed from domesticity with human beings. A wild cat, for instance, will not submit to caressing; it has no sense of gratitude. Due to its association with man, however, the cat can appreciate kindness and cruelty; it is grateful for comfort. But that is only culture, not innate intelligence. So it is with the cow. For a true perspective of its intelligence one must compare it with the European buffalo, a savage animal that never has been domesticated.

The gentleness of the cow represents the amount of culture gained from association with man. And the horse. There is nothing extant to which it can be compared. Descended from the proto-hippus, which passed through five

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"Contrary to popular belief, dogs and horses and cats and elephants are far down the scale in animal intelligence."

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horizons of life until in its present type, the horse has the prehistoric remnant of one toe instead of the five toes of the original animal which was no larger than a fox. The horse's "intelligence" is but a veneer. When he runs away and joins "wild horses," he at once shakes off the culture acquired from man, reverts to his innate wildness, and to this adds savageness and bad habits picked up when abused by man. So is the intelligence of chickens acquired in domesticity; it is the same indeed with all the domestic animals many of whom seem so humanlike. In the jungle are animals that never had the opportunity of cultural association with man, yet for all that are utterly superior to the humanlike domestic animals with which we are all so familiar.

It is a general truth that animal vegetarians, like the horse and the elephant, are on a lower plane of intelligence than meat-eaters, like the dog and the leopard. Bear in mind that these animals are far below apes and monkeys in the scale of animal intelligence. Down on these lower levels it is difficult to discern which are the more intelligent animals, for even the highest of them are so far below the apes. The differences become too fine. It is like attempting to compare a number of rubies without the aid of a glass. But in the higher levels it is possible to tell at a glance that the chimpanzee is highest of all and that the gorilla is mentally superior to an ourang. Broadly one may say that all the lower animals are gregarious save for some of the meat-eaters which lead isolated lives; while all the higher animals are communal. Which is to say that they have vague ideas about marriage, family life, a feeble sense of right and wrong and of justice, and a slight idea of government as is evidenced by several apes abiding by the judgment of a patriarchal ape.

FINDING FOOD THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM

ASSUMING that the conduct of animals in the routing of their normal life in a state of nature is the fairest basis of comparison of their mental resources, I turn to that source for evidence, which, of course, is estimated from the

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human standpoint of what constitutes intelligence. As a result of many years of close communion with nature, I am fully persuaded that nothing more clearly indicates the innate intelligence and mental possibilities of a species than its mode of life, and, so far as I can see, there is no unit of measure more constant or conspicuous than the dietary of a species. This appears to harmonize with all other phases of development, both physical and mental. It is no less true of animals than of mankind that necessity is the mother of invention and the more complex the conditions of life are, the greater the ingenuity required to sustain it.

A cursory study of animal economy shows that the finding of food is the paramount problem in the life of every wild animal and the more difficult the solution of that problem the greater the demand upon the faculties of the mind and hence the greater development of them. In accord with this fact it is logical to infer that the more exacting and fastidious a species is in the selection of its dietary the more difficult it is to meet its requirement. It naturally involves a greater variety of means to accomplish the end and gives rise to a greater variety of experience, both of which conduce to the higher development of the faculties involved. It is reasonable to expect that the highest ranges of animal intelligence will be found among animals whose modes of life require them as means of existence. For example, the anthropoid apes eat more fastidiously, demand better sleeping conditions; obtain their food and their bed; show more intelligence upon encountering hostile man, than do any other animals in the jungle. The most reliable standard by which to judge the comparative intelligence of any two species of animals is their modes of life and conduct in a state of nature, when in normal environments, upon their own resources and acting upon their own volition. Judging by such standard, the elephant is very far below the limit of animal intelligence.

ELEPHANT VERSUS GORILLA

I CHOOSE the elephant as an object of comparison with the higher animals, the apes, because, in the halcyon days

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of yore, when the country circus was the chief propaganda of animal love, the advent of an elephant in a rural town was a millennial event. Much "information" concerning him was accepted as holy writ and so has passed on to contemporary belief. But in these latter days the cruel heresy of a more enlightened civilization demands more substantial proof of the elephant's intelligence than current reports of stray elephants tenderly guarding lost babies, or squirting water on bow-legged tailors in revenge for a joke that the tailor's grandfather had played on the elephant's uncle a century or two before. The native hunters of Africa certainly know as much about the habits and modes of life of elephants and other animals as any school of scientists knows, and they are practically unanimous in regarding the elephant as a stupid and cowardly beast, and ranking him far below many other animals in point of intelligence. If it were not for the endless leagues of impenetrable jungle by which he is protected the elephant would be exterminated in a very short time, while many other kinds of animals survive in the most open and accessible sections of the country, one marvelous instance of which is given by the gorilla in the locality of Fernan Vaz, in the French Congo, where I spent so many years.

On the narrow strip of land lying between the ocean on one side and the lake of Nkami on the other, reaching from the edge of Odauba forest at one end to Fernan Vaz bar at the other, is a belt of open territory some twenty-five or thirty miles in length and varying in width from one mile to six or seven miles. It is bounded on three sides by impassable waters and mostly covered with broad, undulating plains; here and there are small areas of comparatively open forest of sparse growth. It is an area traversed in all directions by native roads, with scores of villages scattered all over it and populated by several hundred people, with three trading stations and the colonial military post, and the government telegraph line running through the entire length of it, yet here the gorilla has lived from time immemorial and still lives. Not only does he survive in the midst of all this human popu-

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lation, but he subsists to a very great extent upon the resources of his human rivals.

A GUERRILLA OF THE JUNGLE

HERE is an animal, strictly diurnal in habit, that prowls in broad daylight and periodically visits every village garden and plantation, destroys thousands of pineapple plants, steals chickens and still eludes the guns, traps and decoys that are always awaiting him. From time to time whole families of them are seen, but it is only on the rarest occasion that anyone ever gets within rifle range of them.

There is one village that stands in the plain at least four hundred yards away from the nearest plat of bush and half a mile away from any dense jungle. A dozen times a year bands of gorillas cross that belt of plain, enter the village garden and destroy scores of pineapples and make their escape without harm. A singular fact is that they have never once been seen approaching the place and no one knows just how they manage to reach it without being discovered; but in retreating they appear to be quite indifferent about being seen and as many as seven at one time have made these raids.

Despite the presence of soldiers and scores of natives scattered about the premises of the post, the gorillas constantly invade the grounds, strip the leaves from scores of pineapple plants, steal the fruit, and escape often without detection. Time and again they have gone within twenty yards of the native nuts scattered about the grounds and several times within a hundred yards of headquarters, but up to the present not one of them has ever been killed nor, so far as known, seriously wounded.

THE GORILLA INCREDIBLY INTELLIGENT

THIS is all accomplished by their clever tactics. Their ingenious system of scouts, pickets and signals is carried out with such skill and precision as to defy all attempts to circumvent them. Every movement of the band appears to be directed by one in command; but one mystery is, how he communicates his directions or his warning of danger.

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Everything is done in silence and no signal has so far been detected; yet the concert of action indicates that they are prompted by some definite means which all observe and understand.

One favorite point at which their sentinel is often posted is the vertex of a certain tall palm, the stalk of which is well concealed from view by the foliage of other trees standing near it, and above which the palm rises a few feet. From this elevation, which can be reached with little risk of being seen, all approaches to that side of the grounds can be observed and at the same time it is almost impossible for any one to see a gorilla among the converging leaves of the palm. But native eyes are very keen and several times the picket has been discovered; but no one has so far been able to get within range of him or to surprise those under his charge, for the moment any one moves in that direction the whole party takes refuge in a spur of jungle that is near by. The chimpanzee is the only other animal in the forest that is capable of such tactics or that evinces such clear judgment in selecting a vidette post.

Strikingly intelligent are the precautions a gorilla takes to safeguard his family. On these dangerous raids the young ones are left concealed in the jungle and only the adults engage in the venture, also before engaging in a battle with an enemy he invariably conducts his family to a place of safety and then returns for the combat, and unless very closely pressed or attacked he can scarcely be provoked to fight. Having placed his family beyond danger, however, he is a fierce and reckless fighter. It is also a well authenticated fact, of which I have personally seen the evidence, that the gorilla makes a fairly comfortable bed at night by plucking soft leaves, ferns, moss, etc., and piling them in a well chosen spot where he lies down in the same manner as a human being sleeps, while his family builds a rude bed of leaves up in the trees some distance above the ground. In this wise the father keeps guard at night while his family sleeps in comparative safety.

Native genius has never yet devised a trap in which to

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catch an adult gorilla although countless efforts have been made by the most expert trappers and hunters in this part of Africa, and many white men have exhausted their ingenuity in the vain attempt to capture them. Hundreds of well authenticated instances of the gorilla's foresight, prudence and tact can be cited and scores of acts of which no other wild animal was ever capable, the chimpanzee, highest of all animals, alone excepted.

THE ELEPHANT'S SMALL MENTAL CALIBER

WITH the intelligence of the anthropoid apes, contrast the elephant, popularly supposed to be so intelligent.

Taking a closer view of the home life and habits of the elephant, we readily discover evidences of a low intelligence that scarcely has one redeeming quality. Almost every detail of the elephant's conduct indicates an intelligence inferior to that of the monkeys, baboons and carnivores. His sensibilities are dull and all his mental faculties slow and irresolute. His food is the grossest and least select of that of any other land mammal and his methods of obtaining it are clumsy to the verge of stupidity.

A few simple facts about the elephant in his own domain are sufficient to demonstrate his mental calibre. Many of the native hunters use a little dog in hunting elephants and one of these diminutive creatures can drive an elephant in any direction it chooses without even barking at it. Ordinarily a small wooden bell or rattle is attached to the dog and by the sound of this the hunter takes his bearings. It is said that a metal bell alarms and often stampedes a herd of elephants, but the soft, deadened sound of the wooden rattle is not sufficiently alarming to startle them into a panic. Guided by the sound of this rattle and, knowing the trails of the animal, the hunter usually takes some short cut and intercepts the elephant at some point where he has to pass.

Other hunters trail the elephant by his tracks into some secluded spot where he finds the animal dozing. He stealthily creeps up within a few feet of him and either pours a handful of broken pot metal, nuggets of iron ore or slugs of lead from

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an old flint-lock gun loaded with blasting powder and wadded with banana leaves, into some vulnerable or vital part of the nodding beast. A single shot is rarely ever fatal at the time and the hunter often has to repeat this operation two or three times in about as many days, and in some instances the same elephant is trailed for a week before he is killed. There is no other large animal in this country that any hunter will follow into the jungle after it is wounded, and while it is true that a wounded elephant will sometimes turn upon his pursuer, he rarely shows fight as long as there is any chance to retreat.

In a similar manner other hunters sometimes creep up and thrust a spear into the flank or ribs of the elephant, follow him and repeat the act until the creature succumbs to internal bleeding. No one man ever takes such liberties with a gorilla, chimpanzee or leopard.

At a certain point in the jungle one of the great elephant hunters of the Pangwe tribe lives and his favorite method of killing elephants is by a suspended spear of enormous size hung up above the trail where elephants frequently pass. The spear is weighted by large blocks of wood, weighing half a ton or so and supported by a strong vine drawn over a staunch bough of a tree. To the lower end a pole is attached so as to form a trigger. The pole projects across the trail so that, in passing, an elephant will strike his leg against it and thus release the spear which descends with such force as to go half through his body. In the course of a few years eight elephants have been killed in this manner at that one place, all apparently belonging to the same herd, which continues to pass that fatal spot two or three times a month and has done so for years; yet they have not learned by experience the danger of that enormous death-trap hanging in plain view only a few feet higher than their heads.

In a museum of natural history, where most people study zoology, a stuffed elephant may seem quite as intelligent as a stuffed gorilla; but in nature he is relatively as far inferior to the gorilla mentally as he is physically, and his reputation for intelligence is mere fiction. It is not sustained by his conduct at home in the jungle where, in keeping

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with his crude modes of life, he is a mental pygmy. I recall a long conversation with an old native whom Paul du Chaillu taught to shoot more than sixty years ago and he has been a hunter ever since that time. He lived for nearly seventy years in the Fernan Vaz region. He said that, so far as he can judge, there are now as many gorillas in that territory as there were when he was a boy, and he corroborates the statement that they are much more wary and less defiant since the introduction of guns; but he doubts their being less ferocious. When I asked his opinion as to the comparative intelligence of the two, the gorilla and the elephant, he smiled and grunted, "The gorilla is man, the elephant is beast."

When I asked his opinion as to the comparative intelligence of the chimpanzee and gorilla he replied, "The chimpanzee is the white man of apes and the gorilla the black man of apes." It was a comparison I had often heard before, and one which very clearly expressed the universal opinion among all the tribes of this region. And it shows the relative position of the intelligence of these higher animals to that of man.

TO A TROUBADOUR

By J. CORSON MILLER

COME, minstrel boy, touch your guitar
To the strains of an old love-tune;
Tell me of the lands where the fairies are,
And the dog-woods smile in June.
With flute-like voice,
Bid me rejoice,
Take me far to a Southern sea,
Where tanagers swing in the evening rain,
And the hearts of lovers are healed again,—
Come, minstrel, sing for me.

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ANY FOOL COULD DO IT!

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

"HOW do you like your car?" Smithkins asked me.

"I don't kiss it every night when I put it into the garage, neither am I angry with it," I replied.

Smithkins glared. Some of the others laughed.

"That's the trouble with you fellows, you laugh and encourage him when he tries to be funny," said Smithkins. Then he turned to Cobleigh and repeated his question.

"Couldn't get along without it," answered the Doctor.

"It's a Snak, isn't it?"

The Doctor admitted that it was.

"What's yours?" Smithkins demanded of Atkins.

"I drive a Fittz, you've been out with me," Atkins responded, a trifle surprised at the question.

"Oh yes, I remember, goes by 'Fittz' and starts," and Smithkins roared with laughter but the rest of us maintained a solemn, pained expression, whereupon he muttered something about "thickheads who didn't possess a sense of humor," then he turned to Welles.

"What—"

"Joyce," said Welles, forestalling him.

"Ouch! Costs more than a battleship," sighed Smithkins.

"And travels twice as fast," Welles came back.

"Our friend Smithkins," I stated, with emphasis, "is about to purchase a car!"

"I never said that I was," Smithkins demurred. The rest of us laughed, then each of the dozen in the party at the Golf Club "Sahara" directed his gaze upon Smithkins, leaned forward, and, as one, spoke loud words of advice.

Each one of us owned a car, each car a different make, with the result that our mingled advice became a bedlam, because a dozen different makes of cars were shouted at the same time.

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"Have a heart," yelled Smithkins, hands over his ears, "one at a time."

"Nothing like a Cadman," declared Jackson.

"You said it," sneered Phelps, "that's why I wouldn't take one as a gift. Now the Streakard—"

And they were off again, each extolling the merits of his own car. When they paused for second wind Smithkins arose, smiled upon us and remarked, as he started for the door, "Thank you, gentlemen, one and all, but I am going to buy something better than any of those."

There was derision in the laugh that greeted this. Smithkins turned at us from the door. "Did it ever occur to you poor chumps that I've the same right to own 'The Best' car as the rest of you? Any fool will insist that his car is best, I shall," and I doubt if he quite understood the howl of laughter that went up as he made his exit.

IT'S A WHIZZMOBILE

THE next time Smithkins dropped in at the club I remembered this.

"Got that 'best car in the world,' yet, Smithkins?" I asked.

"I certainly have," he replied.

"What did you get, Smithkins?" demanded a chorus of voices.

"Best car ever built," he answered, striking rather of a pose.

"Who picked it out for you?"

Smithkins snorted at this. "Where do you get that patronizing stuff?" he demanded. "Do you think I can't pick out a car? Any fool could do it!"

"Well?" This from several of us.

"A Whizzmobile!" Smithkins spoke the name with a gusto of pride.

"You are right," yelled Welles.

"About its being the best car built? Sure I—"

"No!" shouted Welles, "you were right when you said any fool could select a Whizzmobile!"

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But Smithkins was far too happy to mind our laughter. He knew a man who had owned three Whizzmobiles, he said.

"The three ought to go him through the season, if it's a short one," the Doctor remarked.

"This man can make any hill on high, he can do twenty-five miles to the gallon, upkeep practically nothing, lighting and starting system perfect—"

"Say," interrupted Atkins, "I know that man, his name is Ananias."

We kidded Smithkins for a while, but he was not greatly offended. He solemnly confided to us that he knew that every owner of a car believed his own make to be absolutely the best.

"But of course they are mistaken. In my case, however, it is quite different. There's no denying that the Whizzmobile leads them all—"

"To the repair shop," I suggested.

"Can you drive?" someone asked him.

"Any fool can do it," Smithkins remarked.

"But driving is by no means all. You must know everything about your car, otherwise it will be an expense, a burden and something of a white elephant to you."

Smithkins laughed at this. "Any fool can open up his car and find out what ails it."

"A can-opener goes with every Whizzmobile," I told him. Smithkins must be dull, because he didn't crack a smile at this, although the others did.

THE "BEAUTY" IS DELIVERED

BUT he knew it was mostly good-natured chaffing, and explained to us that he nourished no hard feelings at all. "You'll be mighty glad to see me coming along the road in my little old Whizzmobile, towing you boys home in your imitation cars," he declared.

In due time the brand new Whizzmobile was delivered to Smithkins. Meanwhile he had been going out in a demonstration car, and feverishly memorizing a book of traffic regu-

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lations. He managed to squeeze through the examination and in the driving test he got away with it because he stalled his car exactly fifteen feet away from a hydrant. The examiner complimented him on this before he had a chance to explain that he intended to go on to the hydrant.

I chanced to be passing his house when the car was delivered. The man left it outside, in front of Smithkins' new garage. Smithkins, Mrs. Smithkins and the junior Smithkinses were gathered about it in adoration. I was going to say "speechless adoration," but that would scarcely be true.

"Isn't she a 'beaut'?" shouted Smithkins, beckoning me to come up.

Now there are two things every man is quite justified in lying about, a mother's new baby and a man's new car.

"You said it, she is indeed a 'beaut'," I told him. Perhaps Smithkins half expected some slighting quip from me. At any rate he looked his gratitude.

"Take a ride with us soon, I want to show you how well she runs," he invited.

"Can you drive it now?" I asked.

"It operates so easily that any fool can drive it," he assured me.

"Then you *are* going to drive it," I remarked. Mrs. Smithkins giggled, but Smithkins was so busily engaged in running his hand over the nickel work of the car that he didn't get it.

"Mrs. Hicks is rubbering her jealous eyes out," Mrs. Smithkins whispered to her husband. The Hickses live next door.

"Well, she'll get an eye-full of real car," commented Smithkins.

"How does she start, Pa?" asked Master Smithkins.

Smithkins climbed in, with considerable of an air.

"I'll take a spin around the drive," he said, "and show you. Look out, get away from the front!"

There was a scramble to safety.

"Now watch what I do," he commanded. We gathered about at the sides.

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"First," he said, "make sure she's in neutral—"

"Where's that?" demanded little Miss Smithkins. Her father patiently explained the gear shift, demonstrating "first," "second," "third" and "neutral." It was a hot day. The car was in the sun and the top down. Smithkins, being a rotund man, began to perspire.

SHE WOULDN'T THROB

"NOW do you understand?" he asked.

There came a chorus of "yeses" from his flock.

"First put her in neutral, then step on the cat's tail—"

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the astonished Mrs. Smithkins. He patiently explained that it meant to "step on the gas."

"But what's that handle for?" she asked, touching the gear shift lever. Smithkins groaned. "I have just explained that it is to shift gears. Unless she's in neutral, she will start ahead when you start her. Now watch me, this little knob is the starter. When I step on it, it starts the motor.

"Now listen to her throb," and he stepped on the starter.

There was no throb, no sound, no evidence that there was a motor beneath the hood. Smithkins stepped again, and again.

Nothing doing. He advanced and retarded his spark, he operated his gear shift, he stepped softly, he stepped firmly, he jabbed fiercely with his heel on the starter.

The Smithkinses, with open mouths and open eyes, gazed first at his feet and then at his face.

"Why don't she go, Pop? Why didn'tcher get a real car?—"

"Hush!" warned Mrs. Smithkins.

"I say, old man, why not unlock your engine?" I suggested. Smithkins started, glanced rather sheepishly at me, turned the key and stepped on the starter.

Instantly something was doing, the motor purred and the car proceeded to back, rapidly. There were shrieks and a wild scramble.

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"Stop, you are ruining my geranium bed!" shrilled Mrs. Smithkins.

Smithkins applied the brakes, and then remembered to remove his foot from the accelerator. The car stopped.

"Who in thunder put her in reverse?" he growled.

"A man about your size," sniffed his wife.

He made another start, sped around the drive, out into the street, through a cross street and in a moment came speeding back and up to the garage, he even drove in with accuracy and stopped like a veteran. We all cheered. I went home and remarked that the Whizzmobile seemed to act like a real car.

THE SECOND STAGE OF MOTORITIS

THE next time we met Smithkins at the club he wore a duster, gauntlet gloves and enormous goggles up on his cap.

"You have the symptoms," greeted the Doctor.

"Symptoms my eye, never in better health!" insisted Smithkins.

"You've got it bad, the advanced second stage of motoritis."

"Feller's got to wear this rig when he drives as much as I do," declared Smithkins.

"What's the third symptom, Doctor?" I asked.

"We've all got it. Veteran motoritis. We just go about like normal human beings, we never mention the car except when necessary, we wear no goggles or heavy gauntlets. Smithkins will come to it soon."

"Is that so?" snapped Smithkins. "Well, I've driven seventy miles today in a glaring sun and as there's no law against goggles or gloves or duster—"

But we laughed him down. And Smithkins sat there and chuckled.

"Saw your car blocked up in the garage today when I stopped for gas," he said to me, "what's the matter with it? Senility?"

"Steering knuckle loose," I answered.

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"Humph, they never get loose in a Whizzmobile," was his response, "but if they did, I'd fix it myself, any fool can do it."

Nevertheless, Smithkins and I are firm friends. He's a genial chap. Knowing that I was alone at the house he drove up next day and invited me to take a spin with him.

"Your folks are in the country, your poor old ice-wagon is laid up for repairs, come along with us," was the exact form of his invitation. I accepted.

"Now it's a cinch to run this car," he told me as we speeded down the boulevard, "lots of the boys have troubles, but they don't use their brains. Any fool can run a car if he'll just put his mind on it. Look at me, practically green at it, yet never have the least trouble—"

We stopped exactly across the car tracks of a cross street.

"Go on, Wilbur, the policeman gave you the signal," shrilled his wife.

"WON'T SHE GO?"

SMITHKINS tried to go but the car wouldn't move. He did everything possible and some stunts I thought to be impossible, to make it go, and the more he worked the more frenzied he became. He slammed spark and gas throttles back and forth, kicked the starter and accelerator, *ad lib.* Cars behind began to sound their horns in a most irritating manner.

"Probably battery wires are crossed, I'll have to crank her," he said, and he got the crank out from under the front seat, adjusted it and started.

"Now Wilbur, look out that it doesn't fly back and break your arm—"

"Oh, for pity sake, give me credit for knowing something," he retorted, then he cranked and cranked, he spun it slowly, he gave the engine half turns, he spun it with a jerk, he got it started and yanked it around and around, until he was perspiring like a porpoise and his face the color of a tomato salad.

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But the car didn't budge. There was no life in the motor. He walked back and adjusted the spark, opened the throttle, did everything imaginable. The street-car came along and clanged. Autoists behind us set up a sort of "Gotterdammerung" chorus with their claxons. Finally I got out and Smithkins and I pushed her over to the curb. We removed the hood and looked into the inwards of that engine. Spark plugs were all right, battery wires connected, plenty of oil registered, carburetor O. K.

Meanwhile a little boy stopped and looked in at the engine, touched it with his finger and set up a wail as he thrust that blistered member in his mouth. A colored man stopped and looked at it, two more boys came, then seven men and within a minute we had an audience of a score or more.

A tall individual, with a thin neck from which bulged an Adam's apple like Mount Shasta on the sky line, placed a restraining hand on Smithkins' arm and started to speak. I watched him, fascinated. First he nodded his head violently, then had spasms in his neck, his Adam's apple raced madly up and down inside the length of his neck, much as a white mouse chases back and forth in a cage. Finally there issued a sound.

"Wo-wo-wo-wo-won't she g-g-g-g-go?" he queried.

Smithkins grabbed a wrench, but I restrained him.

"Go!" exploded Smithkins. "Go? Why you animated lathe, of course it will go. We're making ninety now!"

The thin man's Adam's apple disappeared below his collar button, he stared, then he grinned and passed on.

NOT THE LORD'S CAR

"WHY not crank her?" someone suggested.

"Why not mind your own double-blanked business?" yelled Smithkins.

"Wilbur! This is the Lord's day!" exclaimed Mrs. Smithkins.

"That's all right, Jane," snapped Smithkins, "but the Lord never owned a double-distilled blinkety-blink Whizzmobile!"

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"Battery trouble," briskly suggested a well-dressed chap who butted in as if he invented cars. He took a key from his pocket and placed it across some wires or somewhere I couldn't see. Instantly there was a crackle, a spark, and the man shot into the air, hanging on to his shocked fingers.

"The battery seems to be quite all right," observed Smithkins, with intense quietness, but I could see that he was mightily pleased.

"Feed pipe clogged," suggested another, "have her towed to nearest garage and send some air through it—"

"Cracked cylinder, probably."

"She's disconnected—"

"Try a little kerosene—"

And so on, dozens of suggestions. A taxi-driver waiting outside a house across the street, came over, paused, lighted a cigarette, glanced carelessly into the engine, walked around, took another glance at the dial on the tank, strolled back, blew a smoke-ring and pointed a grimy finger at Smithkins.

"Your car?"

"No, it isn't my car," snarled Smithkins, "I stole it from J. P. Morgan—"

"Uh-huh? Well, that's your business. Why don't you put some gas in th' tank?" The taxi-man blew another smoke-ring and sauntered back across the street. Smithkins and I ran around to take a look. The tank was as dry as the Eighteenth Amendment.

"Humph, any fool ought to know that a car needs gas," remarked Smithkins, when his wife mentioned that taxi-men were smart and knew all about cars.

But we got gas and proceeded merrily on our way. Far out in the country there came an explosion. Mrs. Smithkins screamed, so did the Smithkins children.

"Somebody is shooting at us," wailed the youngster.

"Mercy, how rough the road is," wailed Mrs. Smithkins.

"Stop," I yelled, but Smithkins just stepped on the gas.

"You idiot, you've blown a tire," I yelled.

"I know it; I'm beating it for a shady spot, you don't

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suppose I'm fool enough to shift tires out in this burning sun, do you? "

"Not if you can afford $40 for a bit of shade," I replied.

A FIFTY-DOLLAR LESSON

BUT Smithkins didn't get me. He made for a clump of trees a long distance off and when we got there we found that his rims had not only chewed the inner tube beyond recognition, but had cut the casing so badly that even an inner lining wouldn't save it.

"I've learned something," muttered Smithkins.

"Counting the inner tube, the lesson cost you around $50."

"S-s-s-h," warned Smithkins. Strange how man, at times, fears his wife.

We made a day of it, and had a rather good time, taken altogether. Of course Smithkins was green and turned too far out. I warned him, his wife warned him, said he would tip us over. He laughed at us. I explained that I wasn't afraid of his tipping us over, but that he might mire us or else run into deep sand and take off a wheel.

But whenever he met a big speeding car, he turned well off the macadam. And on one occasion he turned into a boggy place—the drive wheel merely spun around and around, but we made no headway.

"Now don't worry," he said, trying to calm his family, "this is nothing—frequently happens. Much rather be delayed a moment than have you killed by bumping into the reckless drivers. I'll just get a plank."

He did get a plank, a thick one, and placed it in front of the wheel. He ordered all out, to lighten the car, and Mrs. Smithkins and the little Smithkinses gathered around at the rear of the mired wheel, to watch it pull out on the plank. Smithkins got in and stepped on the gas. Now that plank was too thick, it didn't go down to the bottom of the tire, consequently the wheel couldn't mount it. And the moment he stepped on the gas there arose a shriek of horror that could have been heard in the next State. Smithkins turned white,

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he thought he had killed his entire family, so he climbed down and went back.

There they stood, Mrs. Smithkins, the little girl and little boy, dripping black mud from head to foot!

They had stood in line with the rear wheel and when it spun about, it threw up a perfect geyser of black oozy mire.

Mrs. Smithkins started to tell him what she thought of him, but he held up his hand.

"A little while ago I learned something," he said, "it was about the necessity of keeping the gas-tank filled. Just now you have learned something. It was about the necessity of keeping away from the rear of mired wheels. Just take a walk in the sun and it will soon dry and brush off."

SAFETY-PIN AND TWINE FOR FIRST AID

MRS. SMITHKINS was either convinced or too angry for words, but, by the time we got the car out of the mud, their mud had dried and brushed off so that they were fairly presentable.

"Easy enough to get a car out of the mire," commented Smithkins.

"Any fool could do it!" snapped Mrs. Smithkins, and it struck me that she put too much accent on the second word.

However, everything went beautifully until about ten o'clock that night. We were then about sixteen miles from the nearest garage in a dismal road, low, damp, and thick with land fog. Suddenly the motor raced like mad, and sounded like a thousand locomotives thundering into a train shed. Again the Smithkinses were frightened.

"Now what?" yelled Mrs. Smithkins, but he didn't hear her. The car hesitated, trembled, vibrated, stopped, jerked, went a foot, stopped, and finally I made Smithkins shut off.

"You'll wrack it to bits," I told him.

"But I can't understand why the car won't go when the motor goes like that," he declared.

"Thank heaven, here's something you don't know," I told him.

"Any fool would be puzzled at this mess, what is it?"

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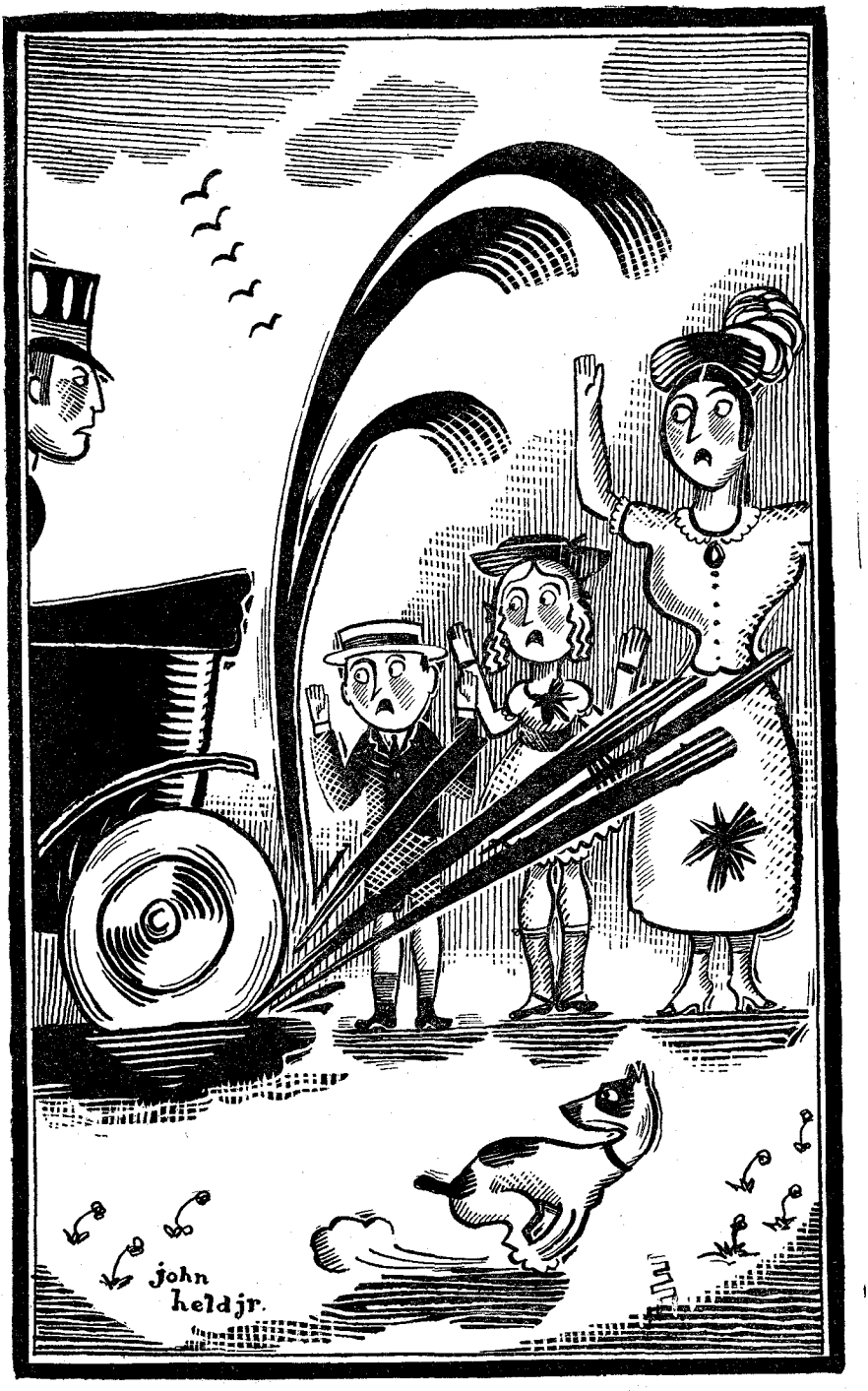

"Now You've Learned Something About Wheels and Mud!"

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We stopped, got out the flash-light, made an examination—Smithkins could find nothing. I got in and started it. Instantly the engine whizzed and whirred as though it were making a million revolutions a second. The accelerator was as loose as possible. I traced it and found that the threads on the rod were stripped.

Smithkins stared at it, he tried to crawl inside, he burned his hands and got covered with grease, he tried to make the threads hold. And in fumbling about he managed to lose the cotter-pin.

"That only makes it ten times worse," I cheered him.

"Go away, I can fix this," he said. I sat on the fender and lighted a cigar. Smithkins worked and cursed softly for about fifteen minutes.

"I give up," he shouted.

"But I want to go home," came the chorus from his family.

"Aw, go ahead, Paw, and fix her up, we want to get home," advised his young hopeful. Only the fact that it was his own son saved the lad from physical damage.

"Well, see what you can do, instead of sitting there, grinning," said Smithkins.

"Very well. I want a piece of string and a safety-pin—"

ANY FOOL TO THE RESCUE

"ENOUGH!" bawled Smithkins. "You try to be funny and I put up with it, but I won't stand for any nonsense like that, guest or no guest. What do you mean, intimating that you can mend a powerful car like the Whizzmobile with some string and a safety-pin?"

"Don't be silly," adjured his wife.

"But any fool knows you can't do that," howled Smithkins, "he's just trying to be funny, he—"

"Here," said Mrs. Smithkins, and she handed me some string and a safety-pin. Women seem to be able to dig things like that up from anywhere. One should not ask questions. I took them, Smithkins held the light, muttering something

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about watching me make a blamed silly Nile green ass of myself.

I wound the place where the threads were stripped with the string until the rod held firmly, and I used the safety-pin in lieu of the lost cotter-pin. Smithkins got in.

"Now watch the blamed mess fly apart," he said, but nothing at all like that happened. The car started beautifully, and it behaved beautifully, all the way home. I was to leave them at their house, as mine is but a few doors away, but something in Smithkins' manner, when he asked me to come into the garage and show him just what I did, caused me to accept. And I will say that the stuff he had hidden there was as smooth as any I had ever tasted at any time, even before the dark dry days. Smithkins isn't a bad chap at all. He certainly gave me a great reputation at the club, declared that I knew more about cars than Rolls Ford and Henry Royce together.

"Any fool could do that!" they told him when he explained what it was that I did.

But I take severe exception to this. I feel that I must be honest about it. I would never have thought of using string and safety-pin in the world if it hadn't been that I saw my wife mend our car in exactly the same manner!

NIGHT PICTURE

By HAROLD COOK

INEVITABLE, through the blue twilight,
Descends the moon.
A star, incredibly luminous,
Plunges, to hang with other stars
Along the porticoes of night. . . .
Inevitable, through the blue twilight,
With a golden falling,
Descends your beauty
Over my heart.

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RUSSIA, THE STRAY BEAR

Can the Czar's Former Empire Solve the Problem Alone?

By ADOLPH LEWISOHN

(*AN INTERVIEW WITH* THE FORUM)

"OF course for many years I have known the general conditions in Russia, but at present they are very difficult to judge. My idea is that you have got to let the Russian people work it out for themselves. We all know, more or less, that there are a great many communities distributed all over Russia. In my opinion the people of the whole country are not in harmony with the Soviet government. They have their homes and their communities and interests and are not in much of a position to interfere with the government. It seems to me that we shall have to let them work it out themselves in their own way. To bring in outside forces or help I do not think would be a good thing.

"There may be expected to develop in Russia a fairly conservative government, not a monarchy, but a republic, if they can get the abler minds to work it out. They have to adjust themselves to the natural conditions and not try to force matters or to put the power all in one man. I have been asked if the Russian masses are sufficiently educated, if they have enough intelligence to create and conduct a republic. Intelligence and education are two different things. They do not need to be so well educated. I think the trouble is, in a great many cases, the people have too much education. That is the case in Germany. The Germans have been told so and so and they think that it must be so. It really would be better if they did not have such a great amount of education. If the people of Russia want to benefit the whole country and if the government should shape itself so that it would be fair, so that it would not be too extreme, but would make it easy for the people to acquire some land or to engage in industry and do productive work, and at least not make the conditions so hard, matters would soon right themselves.

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"The trouble has been that there were only a few landholders and the masses did not have anything and had a terrible struggle even to exist. A fairly conservative, sensible government is what is needed in Russia; but I think it has to come from the Russian people themselves. I do not think it would be a good thing if we or our allies should want to force our ideas upon them. Do I think that in the masses of the Russian people there are leaders who can bring such a government into being? Well, the Russians are a pretty good people; they are much superior to the Mexicans. They are a kindly, religious, agricultural people. They want to work and are willing to be governed. It is not like in South America where everybody wants to govern."

To his remarks, Adolph Lewisohn had given a quiet emphasis, characteristic of the conservative man who has made up his mind. Perhaps, by virtue of his long experience in Russian affairs from the economic point of view which gave to him a deep fund of information concerning the late Empire of the Czar, Lewisohn, the international financier, is qualified to talk about Russia as are few Americans. As one discussed with him the grave questions of the stricken, vast country which are perplexing the world and keeping statesmen awake at nights, one felt that Lewisohn's thought was tunnelling down through the surfaces of Bolshevism and other "isms" and bringing up against the fundamentals of the Russian questions.

RUSSIA A LAND OF POPULAR ORGANIZATIONS

IN considering the Russia of today, one does well to pause upon the fact that it is a land of many popular organizations. There is the Soviet. Now that is not a new word to Russia for it means "council;" indeed in the days of the Czar there was the Gosudarstvennyi Soviet, which of course means Imperial Council of State. But with the coming of the Revolution the word "Soviet" came to be used exclusively to designate a certain type of parliament, its members elected by members of economic organizations entirely composed of workers. Thus there are Soviets of Factory Workers, Sovi-

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ets of Farmhands, and endlessly on. In most of the cities, towns, and villages of Russia today there are these Soviets. Also in the big cities there are Ward Soviets. So, too, are there Soviets of wider ramifications—district or provincial Soviets, and in Petrograd there is the Central Executive Committee of the All-Russian Soviets—the members of which come from all the lesser Soviets of Russia—but that is purely theoretical. Let us say rather that all Russia would be represented in the All-Rusian Soviet were all the Russian workmen and were all the workers in harmony with each other and with Bolshevik despotism sitting in the old capital and styling itself Government.

Too, there are in Russia the Trade Unions. Mostly industrial in form, they are labor-unions, and their strength is about four million members. Like the Soviets, they are represented in the capital, having a Central Executive Committee sitting there. Further complicating the situation there are Factory Shop Committees. Like the Trade Unions they have their central committee in the capital, and, with the Trade Unions, they enjoy a theoretical co-operation. These Factory and Shop Committees were belched into being by the Revolution. They were created in the factories by the workmen and were abortive attempts to take over industry by revolutionary measures and conduct industry purely for the benefit of the workingman.

In the background, however, there are the Workers and Peasants Co-operative Societies. Even before the Revolution these organizations which were not political but purely economic in their purpose, and had several million members scattered throughout Russia. Today they number more than twenty millions and are making themselves felt as a power for the restoration of orderly government. Revolutionary Socialist groups never supported the Co-operatives because they considered it but a substitution for complete transference of all industry, production, and distribution into the hands of the working classes. But "moderate" Socialists and Liberals did espouse the Co-operatives and did expand its growth. From the day of the Bolsheviki Revolution that

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overturned Kerensky, the Co-operatives have been a conservative influence, and it is to them that the well-wishers of Russia look to raise her to her feet. It is perhaps significant that when the old framework for feeding and transporting foodstuffs in Russia collapsed, that it was the Co-operatives whose intelligent work saved the country from starvation. And it is interesting to note in our own newspapers today the advertisements appearing over the name of the Russian Information Bureau to the effect that twenty million members of the Russian Co-operative Organizations have come out against the Bolsheviki and are in favor of the Provisional Government in Siberia commonly called the "Kolchak Government" . . . an Admiral he, under the Czar; also what is called a "strong man." As Mr. Lewisohn went on to say:

THE "REDS" MUST GO

"I THINK they will have to rid themselves of Trotzsky and Lenine and the so-called Red government. The Russians are intelligent and sensible, though not educated, and they will soon appreciate what is best for themselves and act accordingly. They will have it much easier than the Germans, for it is very hard now for the Germans to get out of this idea that it has got to be just as they have been taught always has been. It has been a very severe lesson for the Germans, but the Russians did not know any other conditions and they are therefore more easy to satisfy. I think it will take some years for matters to adjust themselves. After the French Revolution it took a great many years, but I think conservative men will come forward in Russia and will sensibly do the best they can for the masses, the middle classes and the rest of the people. We have to take into consideration the large number of small agricultural communities that are distributed all over Russia."

It will be remembered that the Bolsheviki must surely have fallen long ago had they not reached an agreement with the Congress of Russian Peasants which represented "the large number of small agricultural communities that

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are distributed all over Russia" and pledged to them a division of the land. As Trotzsky acclaimed the delegates of the Peasants that night last year in the great meeting-room of Smolny: "I wish you welcome, comrade peasants. You come here not as guests, but as masters of this house, which holds the heart of the Russian Revolution. The will of millions of workers is now concentrated in this hall: . . . There is now only one master of the Russian land: the union of the workers, soldiers and peasants." Yes, Trotzsky knew that if any government is to endure in Russia, it must take serious heed of the peasants, uneducated though they are. But as Adolph Lewisohn says, from out of his deep knowledge of Russia:

"I believe about eighty-five per cent. of the people cannot read or write. You ask if the educational system in Russia is working today. There has not been a great amount of education in Russia, but, as I say, it is not so necessary. I should like to emphasize in this article my point of view that, in Germany where the educational system was certainly wonderful, nothing could have been more thorough, every person being fairly educated—yet the Germans were not capable of conducting their government in the right way.

WILL RUSSIA PAY HER FOREIGN LOANS?

"IT is difficult to tell directly the situation in Russia at the present time, for there are so many conflicting reports. Some tell us of the terrible conditions under Bolshevism and all that, while others say the conditions are not so bad. So it is hard to form an opinion. We all have thought about the future of Russia in a financial way. I should think, as soon as they have some stabilized form of govenment that their finances will be all right. They have great resources. In a financial way they have been honest as a nation—I mean in paying their debts—they have been honest in that. I think as soon as better conditions are brought about, as soon as they dissociate themselves, I won't say from Bolshevism, but from the Reds, the anarchists and the extremists, and greater moderation prevails, the conditions will become more

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settled. They will have to come to that. The government must not support or favor either one class or the other, but must safeguard alike the interests of the great masses of the people, many of whom know very little, as well as the interests of the rich and the abler people, so that the government would be for the whole people. I believe that some great leader will come forward and establish a moderate, sensible form of government.

"The Russians are an intelligent people; they are idealistic and not too materialistic. The downfall of Rome and other powerful nations was due to the people becoming too material. In Russia a comparatively small number have been material but on the whole the people are more or less spiritual and idealistic, and if they develop the right kind of leaders they will no doubt solve the great problems which confront them. I have to say 'if,' because one cannot say how matters will shape themselves. Even in the United States we do not know who is going to be our next President, so how can we know what governors and leaders will come to the front in Russia?

"I have been asked if I think that, in the financial future of Russia, Germany will have a stronger hold than she had heretofore? I do not think so, and I hope not. That would be the one thing I would not want to see. Germany has problems enough on her hands at the present time. I think the Germans, after they get over the shock, after they get rid of the idea that they are the only people in the world that know anything and realize that they do not know everything, will knuckle down to hard work and try to rehabilitate themselves.

"What should be our relation to the Russian situation in a financial way? What should we do to help them? Of course we should not withhold food or anything of that kind, but I would not be in favor of financing them unless the proper government is established. What about those debts of Russia, will they ever pay the French loans? I think at the present time they have all they can do aside from paying debts. What their future attitude will be depends on how

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the government shapes itself. A Russian loan was floated over here but nothing very large. In France and England I believe it is quite large, particularly in France, some in Germany also. The Russians will first have to look out for the present; the future will depend on how the government shapes itself."

THREE JAPANESE PRINTS

By MARION ETHEL HAMILTON

WHITE STORKS

WHITE storks, winging across a sky of gray;
They cannot find my home, so fly away.
'Tis hidden in the bamboo, by the stream;
Sometimes at night, with shogi wide, I dream
I hear a little wail, and then I wake;
Ah me! It is the wind across the lake.

SUNSET

A sky like daffodils, yellow and pale;
Gnarled pine trees, black, through which the sad winds wail.
My heart goes out across the Japan sea;
Oh, are his sunsets lonely, too, for me?

MOONLIGHT

A sea of silver, and queer junks of black;
And trailing after them, a silver track.
A little hut upon a coral shore;
And you and I alone there, evermore.

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ELECTRICITY'S WORK FOR HUMANITY

The Part It Played in the War

By J. C. McQUISTON
[OF THE WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY]

FROM the mouth of a great gun behind the Allies' trenches in France went a shell screaming into the enemy's territory.

Dig into the history of that shell and you will find it charged with electricity. From the moment when this powerful little agent of democracy was finally sent upon its mission, back to its very beginning, its trail is crossed and re-crossed at a thousand points by electric currents.

The guns that fired it; the motor-truck that delivered it to the ammunition dump; the trains that brought it from the little French seaport to the trucks; the ships that carried it overseas; the tools that fashioned it; the metals and chemicals that went into its structure—touch the history of any of these factors in the production and progress of that shell, and you will feel the vibrating current of electricity.

And so with practically everything that enters into the waging and the winning of that terrible struggle.

"Ships will win the war!" was the cry from many quarters. To almost every phase of ship construction and to ship operation you will find electricity made great contributions.

"Aeroplanes will win the war!" came the word from many others. Without electricity, we should have had no aeroplanes to help us win the fight.

"Food will win the war!" was a popular shibboleth. What a story of electrical accomplishments is to be found in the record of food production.

What is there that man made or did for the cause of democracy and freedom over there or over here which did

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not, in some measure, depend upon the light, the heat or the power of electricity?

Consider in their broad divisions the various lines of activity that finally converged upon the great battle-ground. Agriculture, mining, lumbering, manufacture, transportation, communication—every one of these had reached its present stage of development with the immeasurable help of electricity.

NIAGARA FALLS HARNESSED TO THE WAR MACHINE

THE hydro-electric power development at Niagara Falls is, perhaps, as good a single illustration as any that could be given of the essential part electricity played in winning the war. The cheap electricity produced at Niagara Falls made possible the founding of the artificial abrasive industry in the United States, and with the natural supply of emery and corundum from Asia Minor cut out by the war, where should we have been, without Niagara's artificial grindstone, whetstones, and other grinding implements of carborundum and aluminum? In every plant where alloy and tool-steels were used, Niagara Falls' abrasives helped to win the war. In the munitions plants, in the locomotive works, in the automobile factories, in the foundries, in the machine-shops, you will find it did indispensable tasks.

Was there anything more necessary for success in the war than an abundance of high-grade steel? And considering no other phase of electricity's extensive participation in the making of steel, what would we have done without ferro-silicon, another product which comes almost entirely from Niagara where cheap electric power made the commercial development of the ferro-silicon industry possible?

As a purifier, ferro-silicon entered into the making of practically all our shell steel as well as steel for divers other purposes. And there is ferro-chromium, which gives to steel that hardness so necessary in the production of shells and likewise in the making of tools and other steel—it, too, is largely a Niagara Falls product.

Niagara Falls electricity gives us a great part of our

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tungsten and vanadium. And of these alloys, what it does not help to produce directly, it contributes to indirectly through the production of aluminum.

Think what a factor aluminum was in the winning of the war through its application to the motor-car, motor-truck and aeroplane engine alone, and the electric power development at Niagara may truly be said to have made aluminum a commercial possibility.

It has been figured that between Niagara's alloys and abrasives every industry utilizing steel has multiplied its productive powers by three, and that if it had not been for these abrasives and alloys no motor-car factory in America could have reached more than one-fifth of its war production.

Niagara's electricity gives us chlorine, one of the greatest life-saving agencies used in the war. For chlorine was one of the commonest and most effective disinfectants used in treating the wounded soldiers.

Niagara Falls' electricity gives us many of the materials from which picric acid and other explosives are made.

And all of this was but the contribution of a single electric power development.

ELECTRICITY INDISPENSABLE IN FARMING, MINING, MANUFACTURING

TO win the war food had to be produced in quantities sufficient not only to meet our own needs at home and the needs of our soldiers, but also, in large part, the requirements of our Allies. Electricity was a powerful agent in the maintaining and stimulating of food production.

The farmer fertilizes with chemicals obtained by electrical processes, depends upon tools and machinery into the making of which electricity has largely entered, and in many cases upon machinery, such as tractors, that requires electricity in its operation.

In the converting of the farmer's wheat, corn, and oats into bread and cereal products, electricity plays a tremendous part. It helps to grind, to refine, and to bake. It is an essential factor in the preparation and conservation of other

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foodstuffs, such as meat, fruit and vegetables, as a visit to a packing-plant or any canning establishment will quickly demonstrate. Without electricity to help, we never could have met the demands for our food sources.

To win the war it was necessary for the Allies to have plenty of power and no lack of raw materials. An adequate supply of power meant an adequate supply of coal. Here again electricity was found to be of considerable help.

Go into almost any of our larger mines, and you will find that the coal is being wrested from the earth with the aid of electric drills, brought to the surface in elevators electrically operated, transported to the mouth of the mine under electric power, while electricity drives the pumps and does various other tasks. Moreover, the use of electric instead of steam-power effects a saving of millions of tons of coal.

Electricity is indispensable in the mining and refining of those ores that constitute the raw materials of our iron ore from its source to its final destination; in any one of the thousands of manufactured products, essential to carrying on the war, you would be astonished at the frequency with which you would find electricity playing a part.

So with wood, rubber and with other raw materials that went to the battle-front in so many different forms. In the actual manufacture of iron, steel, wood, rubber and other products, its light, its heat and its power were everything.

TRANSPORTATION ELECTRICALLY AIDED

THEN there was transportation—one of the most powerful of our instruments of war.

Practically everything that was industrially produced had to be transported by rail or by water before it could be of service. What a strain the war had placed upon our transportation facilities everyone knows. Both on land and at sea, directly and indirectly, electricity accomplished wonders in promoting the handling of traffic wth efficiency and despatch.

Every train that moved over the rails represents the application of electricity at countless different points in its construction and operation. Rails, locomotives, cars—in the

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making of all of these electricity has had a part of no little consequence.

The dispatcher who directed the operation of the trains depended upon electricity to deliver his orders. Electric signals control the train's movements. In many cases, electric locomotives took the place of steam, saving coal and hauling heavier tonnage.

Electric interurban lines, by handling freight, relieved the tremendous strain heaped upon the railroads, while the importance of the fact that the country's urban street-car lines were increasing production by the saving of time must not be overlooked.

In the building and the operation of ships, electricity played a bigger and bigger rôle every day, and today you will find great battleships equipped with electric drive, merchant ships propelled by electric power, vessels of all kinds lighted by electricity, protected by electricity and controlled by electricity.

Submarines are driven by electricity and require electric current for various other purposes. Without the electric spark in the engine, the aeroplane would be a dead thing. And this is true, too, of the motor-cars, trucks, ambulances, motorcycles and other vehicles that are lending such a helping hand.

Rapid communication of all kinds of intelligence was another phase of war necessity that brought electricity into the foreground. The wireless, the telephone, the telegraph—how vital they were to our success and how vital to them was electricity!

Thus one could go on and on, deeper and deeper, into the maze in which one soon finds himself upon examining into electricity's part in the war. The ramifications are so extensive and the subject so closely related to so many activities that it is possible here to do little more than suggest its scope.

Was there another force so powerful in our war effort as this mysterious force of electricity? Is there another industry of which it can truly be said that it has done so much

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to help win the war as the electrical industry, which supplied the countless divers pieces of apparatus, appliances and instruments that make possible the widespread use of this force?

As electricity keeps the light shining in the torch of the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor, so does it lend its potency to keep bright and clear the light of Liberty for all mankind.

THE SIN

By RALPH M. THOMSON

IT is no crime to try—and fail,
To miss the shifting mark of fame;
To persevere without avail,
To fall in effort's name.

The curse that merits manhood's frown,
The trait that craven hearts pre-empt,
The sin that drags a mortal down,
Is fearing to attempt.

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OUR SPORTING SPA

The Lure of Races and Laces at Saratoga

By MORTIMER FRAITH

TIME was when Saratoga was the summer Mecca of American wealth and fashion—as well as of the horse of breeding. Today the public, if it recalls Saratoga at all, associates the name with a table water, except those surviving hundred thousand or so who follow the track. They know of Saratoga's restoration to the map and this season, along with other changes war has wrought, has given to the famous Spa a new lease of life.

The changing face of America's prosperity has put a new stamp upon its leisure hours. No longer is the American face dominant where the idler treks by car and rail. The face of Saratoga is not the face of the Pilgrim or Puritan, the New Englander or the Southerner, but the face of the newer citizen who has emerged from the polyglot mass and wears broadcloth and fine linen, lace and chiffon, with as much assurance as did the Saratogan visitor of the '70s. This is the marked phase of changing prosperity that strikes the now and then ancient patron who still returns to the Spa for the waters and races.

The life that has restored the Springs to prosperity and popularity is the Return of the Horse. Today Saratoga is the Sporting Spa of America, and it is not necessary to go to the track's figures of a 30,000-a-day attendance to find proof. It assembles at the great hotels and on the pave after the event of the day. It is obvious in the physiognomy of the mass, and audible in the fragments of conversation that make up the talk of the hour.

Viewing the physiognomy of the Spa's crowd one is impressed with a "racial" similarity of countenance. It cannot be described as a national mark, nor by a State divisional line of demarkation. It is not Pennsylvania "Dutch," Indiana "Hoosier," or Connecticut "Yankee";—it is hard-

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shelled. Perhaps it is the mark of the sporting instinct that settles into a mask. At any rate, it is there and it is characteristic. It is the male pose of a gambling trait to assume the stoic—whichever color wins. Elation at success is not good form in the betting ring; neither is evidence of depression over loss. Only in the quiet hours on the hotel verandah does the player evince a growl at his luck, or chuckle self-approvingly at his prescience in picking winners—for it must be obvious at this that gambling is not extinct at Saratoga. To reduce horse-racing to 1-percent-gambling would be to dash the cup from sport.

Just how and by what methods the "liquor" is put in the day's game is not obvious to the uninitiated, but to the casual visitor at the track it is apparent that there is significance in the rush of the male element to the paddock, the close consultations that mark their arrival there with a class of gentry who come in from the near-by sheds and flash cryptic symbols and whisper of "odds" and "places," of "records" and "changes"—all a common language to those who speak the vernacular of the turf.

Later one hears a pouting girl tell her friend, "Well, what can one do with $10—but lose it, anyway?"

FASHION FOLLOWS THE HORSE

THIS is not a diatribe on sports "as is" and as always will be, but a reflection upon the causes that affect physiognomy. So one finds at Saratoga, in the race-track attendance, a type all of itself, peculiarly persistent, dominantly characteristic. It is a class that loves horseflesh, is engaged in preserving its quality and breed, and upholding the standards of that fast-disappearing animal—the American horse. It is not at Saratoga alone that the tests of speed and endurance prevail—but at Saratoga the races are characterized by a beautiful admixture of laces.

The Spa, in returning to sport, has re-established itself socially—though not, as formerly, in an exclusive sense. The massive hotels that once were dominated by the élite of Gotham, Beacon Hill and the home of William Penn, have

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given way to the newcomers of prosperity—the motorists who have re-discovered Saratoga upon their way to the Adirondacks. In August the season is on, and this past war year has given Saratoga an every-room-taken season. Saratoga finds itself, as of yore, worthy of its guests. The cool breezes that waft down from the northern elevations refresh the cityites and put spring in their steps and color in their cheeks. At night great orchestras from the metropolis give concerts and jazz musicians supply the inspiration of the dance to crowded ball-rooms. Here and there private containers appear during the evening and supply desired "kick" to ginger-ale and "fruit cups," again, as in racing, giving the lie to laws that do not prohibit; nor does this practice apparently confine itself to the tables of Dives, for a walk down or up the street easily convinces an observer that the hip pocket has been resorted to with equal liberality by those who feel so disposed and have been apostles of preparedness.

SARATOGA'S WONDROUS SPRINGS

BUT, aside from the Races and Laces, the Spa gives evidence of its values. "Hotels" have sprung into being along Broadway and upon every cross street, even to the uttermost outposts of the town. The Spa has the State of New York Conservation Commission to thank for this. Within the reservation are 450 acres and 122 natural springs of naturally mineralized and naturally carbonated water. If one drives along the comparatively newly asphalted streets of Saratoga and notes the long irregular cracks, it becomes easy to accept the geologists' theory that somewhere beneath the surface of the famous Spa there yet exists a volcano. Deep borings have indicated large quantities of decomposed rock, characteristic to volcanic regions. Springing from these sources, come the mineralized and gaseous waters that contain health-giving qualities that have moved the State of New York to preserve to the public the exhaustless springs. A beautiful park nestles in the bowl of the town, and around this "pit"—perhaps the mouth of the ancient crater—the springs spout or are lured to the surface by deep borings.

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Of interest, perhaps, to those to whom it may directly appeal, it is worth while to record the Commission's findings upon the chemical analysis of the waters. Says the State's authority:

"The medical use of the Saratoga waters is indicated in gastro-intestinal disorders, gout, rheumatism, arthritis, anemia and obesity. Some are admirably adapted for use in certain kidney disorders, in neurasthenia, intestinal fermentation, certain skin diseases and in the elimination of various poisons from the body. The alkaline-saline waters are excellent aids to digestion, and this fact, coupled with their delicious flavor, places them among the most valuable table waters to be found anywhere in the world."

While it is the crowds given over to Races and Laces that hold the eye of the casual visitor the real all summer population of Saratoga are those who go thither in quest of health.

SCIENTIFICALLY EQUIPPED BATH-HOUSES

AT three different places upon the State Reservation bath-houses are conducted for administering various courses of treatment. They are run in accordance with the highest standards of the medical profession and many of the baths are given only under physicians' prescriptions.

The bath-houses are equipped to give all of the well-recognized baths and hydrotherapeutic treatments, including Turkish baths and Russian baths, hot air and electric light baths, packs, douches and sprays, as well as salt rubs, alcohol rubs and massage. Neurovascular training is also available under thoroughly competent supervision.

The most important baths, however, are those given with mineral waters carrying a high super-saturation of carbon dioxide gas. It is these effervescing baths that are so effective in diseases of the heart and circulation and in the nervous disorders that have become so common under the pressure of our modern civilization.

At the Lincoln bath-house in Lincoln Park are two large, out-door, fresh-water swimming pools which are among the

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most popular features of the Reservation during the summer months.

The Saratoga Bath House, in the center of the city, where it is immediately accessible to all hotels and boarding-houses, is operated throughout the year, and every treatment may be obtained here. The High Rock Bath is operated only during the height of the summer season. The Lincoln bath-house is operated all summer and as late into the fall as the demand for it continues.

Resting in its historic past and blooming in its present charm, Saratoga is one of the great resorts that has survived the whims of the American people. In years gone by it was associated with the names of Washington, Hamilton, Clinton, Bonaparte; historically with Burgoyne and Schuyler and more latterly with the memory of General Grant whose cottage still stands on Mt. McGregor, some six miles north of the Spa—yet the pilgrimage of thousands yearly, who go to view the last and only retreat of the great warrior who fought and won the battles that gave permanence to the Union.

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DEPRECIATING LUBRICATING OILS

While the Public Pays the Bill

By EDWARD G. ACHESON, Sc.D.

[PAST-PRESIDENT AMERICAN ELECTROCHEMICAL SOCIETY]

OF the many thousands of commodities used in our daily lives there is, perhaps, not one that is less interesting to the vast majority of men than our common lubricating oil. They know little about it, and this is remarkable when we think of the great amounts used daily. The production in the United States during the year 1918 was sufficient to have filled 34,000,000 barrels of fifty gallons each. This want of interest in the liquid, greasy substance is still more striking when we consider the fact that our daily routine of life depends upon it. Civilization is made possible by its existence.

Lubricating oil is one of the many products extracted from petroleum. From the crude petroleum as taken from the earth we obtain our gasoline, kerosene, lubricating oils, paraffine wax, fuel oil and a number of other products. The process of separating the crude petroleum into these several products is not a complicated or difficult one. Without attempting to be exact in describing the steps of the processes of separation or refining, they can be briefly and popularly described as follows: The crude petroleum is placed in large stills and slowly heated and as the temperature is raised several of the desired products are progressively converted into vapor and pass into condensing chambers where they gather as liquids, technically called "distillates." The less volatile part of the petroleum remains in the still as a residue and consists of a very thick, viscous lubricating oil, called "residuum."

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PREPARING LUBRICANTS FOR MARKET

OF the several products produced, the lubricating oils are the ones we are most interested in, as they are, in fact, the most valuable, for without them our farming machinery, railroads and indeed all industrial life would come to a standstill. Various methods are followed in the preparation of the "distillates" and "residuum" for the market. In some cases they are used as they come from the stills; however, the greater part of them, as sold to the trade, have had either a chemical or filtering treatment, or both. One practice, and perhaps the most common one, is to subject them to a treatment with strong sulphuric acid, which has the effect of changing some of the constituents of the oil so they may be taken into the acid and form a body technically called "sludge," which is removed from the oil. They are next treated with caustic soda for the purpose of removing still other constituents of the original oil, and also to neutralize any acid remaining in it. The next step is to wash the oil with water, with the intention of removing all traces of caustic soda.

An article by W. B. Hardy, F. R. S., appeared in the January 31st, 1919, issue of the *Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry* in which are several statements having a bearing on this subject. Mr. Hardy states, "The function of lubricants is to keep the applied surfaces in a neutral condition by maintaining a 'grease' film on each." And after he has entered into a prolonged discussion on the subject, he says, "One broad conclusion emerges from these facts, namely that lubrication depends wholly upon the chemical constitution of the fluid, and the fact that the true lubricant is able to render slipping easy when a film of only about one molecule deep is present on the solid surfaces, suggests that the true lubricant is always a fluid which is absorbed by the solid face. If this be so, then the problem of lubrication is merely a special problem of colloidal physics." Mr. Hardy reasons that the presence of colloids increases the efficiency of lubrication. Without discussing the characteristics of colloids, it will be sufficient to state that good authorities believe

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crude petroleum and distillates contain colloids. It is quite well known to scientific men that to bring either sulphuric acid or caustic soda into contact with a body in colloidal condition results in immediate destruction of the colloidal state. Hence it follows that the usual treatment with sulphuric acid and caustic soda robs the oil of certain valuable qualities.

DIMINISHING THE OIL'S LUBRICATING VALUE

NOT all of the oils, but a large percentage of them, are, after the chemical treatment, given a treatment with fullers' earth which has the effect of removing objectionable discoloration and brightening up the oil but, unfortunately, the fullers' earth to a small degree reduces the lubricating value of the oil. This treatment is called filtration and when practised on "distillates" seems unjustified for no solid matter should be present in these oils. They are, however, made much more presentable. This expensive preparation for the market has necessarily greatly increased the cost of the original "distillates" and "residuum." The public pays the bill and it should, therefore, be interested in knowing if the oil it buys has been improved in lubricating value, or has it in reality been beautified and made more salable at the expense of its efficiency?

The cost of a small amount of lubricating oil enters into the cost of our flour, clothing, hardware and every article we purchase. When we say lubricating oil we are using the singular to designate many, for various oils are offered and sold on the market under as many names as there are oils, the sole difference in most cases between them being their thickness or body, this being spoken of in technical or commercial terms as "viscosity." This word viscosity may need a little explaining. It could with equal propriety be applied to define the physical difference between the thin, limpid sugar water as it runs from the maple tree, and the thick maple syrup produced by boiling down the water. But here we have viscosity with no suggestion of a lubricant. In the process of distilling off the various parts of crude petroleum, the portion that comes away as lubricating oil is in practice

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separated into a number of oils of different viscosities and all of them find their places in the industrial world. The low viscosity oil is used when light work and high speed are being provided for, while heavy work and slow speed require an oil of high viscosity, and the intermediate viscosities fall into their places. The viscosity of an oil used in a bearing carrying a certain load or strain should be such as would prevent the film of oil from breaking and thereby permitting the shaft and bearing materials coming into contact. Viscosity's sole purpose is to prevent, or at least reduce, the liability of the breaking of the oil film between rubbing metals, or, in other words, it has much to do with keeping the metals separated. This is not enough, however, for efficient lubrication. The body that keeps the metals apart should have what is called "greasiness" to be a good lubricant. Lubricating oils as extracted from petroleum have this characteristic to a very high degree.

Is it not remarkable that a liquid whose value lies in its lubricating qualities should be subjected to a treatment that would diminish those qualities in the very slightest degree? Nevertheless this is the practice, and the natural question is, why do the refiners subject the oil to this treatment? Do they, themselves, when they are called upon to carry out extensive lubrication, use an oil that has been treated in this manner? The reason why the oil is refined will, perhaps, have to be left an open question. Some people might be sufficiently invidious to suggest that this was carried out for the purpose of reducing its lubricating value, thereby shortening the life of the oil, which, in turn, would necessitate more frequent buying.

THE REASON WHY

FOR the true reason for this expensive, complicated treatment we will probably have to go back to the early days of oil refining which followed closely on the discovery of oil in quantity by Colonel Drake in 1859. The first efforts, very naturally, were to produce a fine, clear oil and the processes of refining were developed along those lines, resulting in the

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establishment of certain standards which have been adhered to up to the present time. In those early days there was apparently no reason for giving thought to conserving oil. No consideration was given to the fact that the treatment it was receiving was robbing it of a certain percentage of its real value. The conditions are quite different today from those of 1860. We are now called upon to conserve; to obtain the maximum value at the smallest cost. To arrive at the desired end of conservation and low cost, we run up against the standards created in those early days of the oil trade. They play a large part in the competition between rival oil interests. The oil salesman displays his wares before a prospective customer who may be the purchasing agent of a large manufacturing company. The clearness and brightness of the oil is expatiated upon. Its entire freedom from carbon is commented on. Its viscosity is dwelt upon, but are its lubricating qualities discussed? Probably not. It is taken for granted that it is all that could be wished for as a simple lubricant. But is it?

We have before us one great example of an oil company using its own product in carrying out contracts for lubrication. A very large percentage of the rolling stock of the railroads of the United States is lubricated by a subsidiary company of one of our largest petroleum refining companies. It is understood that this lubrication is done on the basis of car mileage, and evidently it is to the interests of the oil company to secure the maximum lubrication with a given amount of oil. They are selling lubrication, not oil.

To arrive at some idea of the conditions to be met in this case of lubrication, two railroad cars were selected at random and an examination made. Each car had stencilled on its sides its respective weight and capacity. One was a steel hopper car with a weight of 37,200 pounds and capacity of 110,000 pounds—hence when loaded would weigh, all told, 147,200 pounds. The car was carried on eight bearings, each measuring 4x10 inches, giving 320 square inches as the total bearing surface supporting the load. Each square inch of the bearing surface carried 460 pounds. The second

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car examined was a box-car with a total weight when loaded of 98,800 pounds, but its bearing surfaces measured only 208 square inches, which gives us 470 pounds to the square inch. The bearings of these cars were expected to carry well-nigh twice the load or strain carried by the average of the bearings in our manufacturing plants, and it is fair to assume these are typical examples of the millions of bearings that are being lubricated by this subsidiary of an oil-refining company. For this railroad-car lubrication do they use refined oils or distillates? On investigation it is learned that they use distillates, hence we must draw the conclusion that it is only when they sell oils to others for the purpose of lubrication that they use the refined product, and when their own interests are at stake they use the distillates, and this, too, when the work to be performed is of the most severe nature.

Presumably the oil people are experts in the matter of lubrication, or at least they should and almost certainly do know the conditions under which the oil is best fitted to produce maximum lubrication, and with the knowledge that they use distillates when their own earnings are at stake, and sell refined oil with a decreased lubricating value to other users, will naturally lead one to think they are not playing fair with the public, and that one of the most valuable of our natural resources is being used for the personal advantage of companies and individuals, and the great public is paying the bill.

WHAT REFINING COSTS THE PUBLIC

LET us try to arrive at the amount the public is paying for this refining. I know of one instance where a heavy, filtered lubricating oil was selling at 38 cents a gallon and the refiner was asked to substitute for the filtered oil, the same oil unfiltered, and, when this was done, it was learned that the price of the unfiltered oil was 16 cents. If this reduction was solely due to cutting out filtration, we must assume that the filtering of this oil cost 22 cents per gallon, but this was an extreme case as the oil was very viscous. To be conservative and within the bounds of possibility, let us take two cents as the cost of refining one gallon of lubricating oil as the

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average for all oils. There are fifty gallons to a barrel, consequently it would cost $1 to refine one barrel of oil. In 1918 there were approximately 34,000,000 barrels of lubricating oil produced in the United States, and if the public was paying $1 for refining one barrel of oil, it paid $34,000,000, or at the rate of $1 per barrel for the portion that had been refined, and this constituted the major part of the oil marketed; and this notwithstanding the fact that there was delivered to it a product that was reduced in efficiency by reason of this very refining.

IMMENSE LOSS OF POWER BY FRICTION

THE oil manufacturers use the argument that the public has been educated to and demands a bright colored oil. But is this a fact, and if so, who educated it? Do any of the heads of a large establishment investigate to see whether the oil they are paying great sums of money for is clear and bright in color, or do they simply investigate as to whether or not it is doing efficient lubrication? Has any purchasing agent ever received evidence that the bright, clear oil sold to him by an oil salesman was even equal to a cheap, dark oil of equal viscosity, to say nothing of its being better, as is sometimes represented? It is a well-established fact that at least one-half of the mechanical power used up in the manufacturing plants of the world is totally lost in friction, that is to say, one-half of the coal consumed to make steam and develop power is lost due to friction. This being the case, it is evident the manufacturer or purchasing agent is dealing with a very important question when selecting the oil that lubricates best in order that this great loss may be reduced to the minimum. The oil takes but a short step from the container, in which it is delivered to the manufacturer, to the bearing in which it is used, and during this passage no one pays any attention to its color or clearness and, even though it may be what the refiners term a water white, amber or red oil, or any other of the many bright-colored oils that are placed on the market, it would only be a matter of comparatively a few minutes after it had been placed in the bear-

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ing before it was black, as it is well known to all mechanics and operators of machinery that an oil is very quickly discolored after it has been placed in a bearing, and in any event, color has nothing to do with the lubricating value of an oil. In the treatise entitled, "American Petroleum Industry," by Dr. Raymond Foss Bacon, Director of the Mellon Institute, and his assistant, William Allen Hamore, occurs this sentence: "The color is of no influence on the lubricating value, and, as a rule, is regarded only as an assistance for identification."

Now that the entire country is aroused to the necessity of conserving our essential resources, especially when the cost of living is affected, is it not worth while to draw attention to this uncalled for waste, not only in money, but of even greater importance—the value of a natural resource? Under our present just laws it is not permitted for an individual or firm to go into the manufacture of drugs or food stuffs without conforming to rules that have been carefully drawn by government experts in order that the buying public may have the highest and best return for its money. Is it not then time that the Government itself takes action to see that our remaining stock of petroleum is used to the very best advantage of the whole people, and not the select few?

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WHAT THE PLUMB PLAN MEANS

Glenn Plumb is among those present on the platform where National problems are being re-constructed. Therefore his views are essentially for THE FORUM. In this article he does not merely talk about himself, he talks about a National upheaval. It may come as he sees it, it may not. The Plumb Plan is, after all, Glenn Plumb himself.

By GLENN E. PLUMB
[COUNSEL FOR THE ORGANIZED RAILROAD EMPLOYEES OF AMERICA]
(*AN INTERVIEW WITH* THE FORUM)

A SIX-FOOTER squarely proportioned, broad-shouldered, square-toed. A man in the rolling forties, wearing clothes that have no obvious tailoring—just clothes. A man who might pass as an engineer, an inventor, a professor of geology, a miner, a shipbuilder, the sort of man whose appearance indicates sympathetic intelligence with all classes. A large head, an alert erectness of bearing, a quiet voice, and a frequent smile of confident friendliness. These are the winning attributes of one's impression of Glenn E. Plumb, counsel for the Organized Railroad Employees.

These are some of the things he told me:

Because he drafted the Sims Bill, which is before Congress, Wall Street has nicknamed it the Plumb Plan. It is a national threat or a national blessing according to your point of view. It is boiling over with political juices, sweet and bitter. In it is the flavor of a new political party to be called perhaps the American Party, or the party of the third part —representing public interest. The man who is responsible for this new aspect of national reconstruction, or of national obstruction if you see it as Wall Street sees it, is an Ameri-

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can, born in Iowa, who has spent his lifetime in applying the Constitution to the practise of law. Most of that practice has been at Chicago, and some of it in the higher courts in Washington. His specialty has been corporation law, an obvious advantage in his present occupation of opposing the old traditions of corporations. Through long association with the "errors" of corporation systems, he says, he is forewarned and forearmed. He has none of the traits of an enthusiast afire with the blaze of reform. He has no affiliation with the Socialists, no specific condemnations of class, no ardent attack to make on familiar abuses of business competition. He has held no political office, unless being at one time a deacon in a church so involved him. He denies any political ambitions, smilingly dismisses the suggestion. The vituperation that has been hurled at him in accusations of Bolshevism, of inciting Soviet principles, he ignores. Abuse without proof is a confession of weakness, he says. The press, at least a large part of it, is opposing the Plumb Plan, but that is to be expected, he says, because there are always "influences" that enter into the business of making newspapers, that cannot be kept out. All that he says is fearless, but he is not boastful, and he gives capital its full measure of stature and power.

NEW POLITICAL PARTY ON THE HORIZON

THERE is much in this preliminary skimming of his ideas that might be interpreted as being very near to the radical doctrine of contempt for capitalistic power, but that is because it is a general statement. It demonstrates the danger that lies in a generalization of any new idea. The people usually receive their information that way. It is dished out for them in haste, in indigestible preparations which they must take, in the latter-day habit of propaganda service at high cost or go without any information at all. From all that one can see and hear of the Plumb Plan in Washington, it will bear fruit that will nourish those who taste it, as food for thought relating to the problem of the high cost of living. And it will challenge the digestion of those who neglect the

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seeds that are in it, seeds that are spreading, seeds of a third political party in the coming election of 1920-21. In the offices of the Plumb Plan in Washington they are receiving a thousand dollars a day from voluntary applications for membership in the Plumb Plan League. These memberships cost one dollar. The response is significant.

It was a quiet midsummer August evening, a freakish twilight, with storm clouds scurrying across patches of blue and rose, clearing away the debris of wind and rain in the sky, when I went to see him. Glenn Plumb's house is in the most desirable suburb of Washington, Chevy Chase. The golf club, where the President and some minor statesmen and diplomats defy middle age, is there, a famous course with many international holes in it.

THE ELEMENTS OF HUMAN EQUITY

EARLIER in the day, in one of the solemn committee rooms on Capitol Hill where Congress pursues interminable investigations with a seriousness that takes plenty of time, I first saw Glenn Plumb. On a platform behind a huge semi-circular desk sat the House Committee of Interstate Commerce investigating the Plumb Plan. Like most Congressional committees, it regarded the duty of investigation as judges regard their duty to society, a duty to ferret out crime or sin. There might be no sin to ferret out, but Congressional investigation is an occupation which assumes that there is. It was not an executive session, the doors of the Committee room were open to all. The great American people were invited, and twenty of them were listening curiously or helplessly to A. B. Garretson, former head of the Order of Railway Conductors, fence with the suspicions of the Committee that he was a Bolshevist sympathizer because he favored the Plumb Plan. Impartially listening, it was evident that Garretson was not intimidated, for he made the assertion very positively, that labor would bring about the conditions it had submitted to the people in the Plumb Plan, in spite of the present Congress. When chal-

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lenged to qualify the statement he urged the Committee to examine a new element in the Plan, the element of human equity. It was something that could no longer be eliminated in the readjustment of public utilities in America, he insisted. By adopting this system of nationalization of the railroads, he further said the time would come when a fair interest on capital would be considered a fair return on investment in public utilities. In this way, producers could share equally in all profits earned by them, interest would be within the reach of all. He pointed out that the day of individualism had passed, that the bad spots in human existence due to sinister organizations, would require other organizations to contest these evils of society, not individuals.

His arms folded, tilted back in a chair against the judicial rail that separates the Committee from the witness table, Glenn Plumb stared at the ceiling, while Garretson in resonant tones briskly answered the cross-examining members of the Committee. Sometimes, leaning with his elbows on his knees, the author of the Plumb Plan would bury his head in his hands. He was restless, silently penetrating the questions with forced restraint, beaming openly when Garretson impetuously defined the principles of his own conclusions. Or he would walk away to a window and stare unseeingly out of it.

"This Committee won't probably do anything at all," he said to me, reaching for the matches he had spied in my hand. "They may never make a report that will reach the House, but they are a pivot upon which the whole Plan is being revolved before the people," then he smoked a cigarette in short, amateur puffs. A man walked up and, putting his hands on his shoulders, told him he was all wrong.

"Why don't you get some better counsel to plead your case than those fellows Trotzky and Lenine?" he asked. Plumb threw his head back, smiled with an open friendliness into the man's face, and said nothing.

"Never knew a man whose ideas fitted in so exactly with mine as Garretson," he said later. "Garretson and Stone, two of the biggest men in the country."

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PLUMB PLAN A FAMILY AFFAIR

AMONG the twenty or more American people in the room were his wife and daughter, and his son. The Plumb Plan is a family affair upon which there is united interest and energy. In the afternoon, Plumb read his list of charges against the railroads involving as he claimed conspiracy of capital, land-grabs, legal technicalities upon which the greatest public utility of the country had been exploited for private interest. He read it to the Committee quietly, with the bloodless precision of a man who is used to pleading in the higher courts. These charges were not challenged by the Committee, only some qualifications of the charges were made by the Chairman, John J. Esch of Wisconsin. We will examine these charges later.

So, in the freakish twilight of that evening, one's mind needed that clearing-up process that one sees in the sky after a hard storm, and in the comfortable villa where the Plumb Plan was drafted, one found explanation, and some tangible conception of the kind of man Glenn Plumb is. His home could not be classed among the savage Bolshevists' homesteads described in feverish correspondence from Russia, by any stretch of imagination. Like himself, it had no violent contrasts everything harmonized, fitted in nicely with the scheme of orderly comfort. There was even a log fire to forestall the phenomenal shock of a mid-summer chill outside. Like many other homes in detached houses, standing in the dignity of private grounds, there was neither excessive prosperity nor excessive social aspiration in its character. Thousands of homes just like it on the sylvan edges of great cities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One would say that Glenn Plumb was neither wealthy nor poor, just a middle-class man with ideas of his own that were not startling to him, and are not new.

GENESIS OF THE PLAN

THE Plumb Plan was merely the growth of a professional career, the natural functions of which were prescribed by the laws of the United States and close study of its Con-

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stitution. Men who function independently, who do not bargain their professional skill at the expense of their professional ethics, enjoy new problems of public affairs as they encounter them. That's the way the Plumb Plan happened. Its pre-natal destiny had been formulating in the mind of Glenn Plumb for fifteen years. It was actually drafted in three days, and christened the "Sims Bill," because Judge Sims of Tennessee introduced it in the House.

From the ample comfort of the big chair, the chair which in every home is the reward of labor a man is entitled to, these facts were told, while its occupant regretted that his idea should be called the Plumb Plan at all.

"It's an unfortunate name for it. It does not describe it. No public measure should be known as the product of one man, because it isn't. No matter of public interest is. Every man is a part of some general human organization, not an individual owner of any idea that affects public interest. However, Wall Street fastened my name to this idea, and the press adopted it. So it has happened in spite of my own wishes, but it is unfortunate."

This was said with friendliness, with frankness, without assumed modesty or importance. It was a side issue what the Plumb Plan had been called, the main issue, as he talked, was this.

WHAT THE PLUMB PLAN REALLY IS

PUBLIC ownership and democracy in control of the railroads, of all public highways, is the Plumb Plan adopted by the 2,000,000 Organized Railway Employees of America, endorsed by the American Federation of Labor. It is claimed that by endorsing Government ownership it really stabilizes private investment, makes it impossible for a public utility to be juggled by private corporations. The control under this system of railroad administration is placed in the hands of fifteen directors. These men function in an administrative cohesion of interest that resembled the principle that gives a triangle equal pressure, equal strength for sustaining force, for neutrality in service. It is a tripartite board.

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Five of its members are named by the President, five are elected by the operative officers of the railroad, five are elected by the classified employees. It is claimed that the Plumb Plan is superior to Government operation as we now know it, because it will prevent control by inefficient bureaucracy. Incidentally it demonstrates true democracy, claiming this, because it gives to the men familiar with the industry a voice in management.

And Glenn Plumb added:

"The American people are hard to be shocked into action, they are slow to awaken from their long period of prosperity. They believe in luck, which has always been with them, but they react when the shock functions. We are lucky people because we mind our own business, and yet it is a bad habit, because the great public has been exploited by those who have cleverly used this national temperament. Those who exploit it know that the average American likes to let well enough alone, to neglect his responsibility to his neighbor, and vice versa. Democracy has been lethargic. Slow to assert its ideals broadly, too quick to apply them politically. There is a difference between revolution and progress, between violence and brotherhood. One is the resource of the dissatisfied wage-earner who sees nothing in life but wages, and the other is the understanding that comes to men who can neither be bought nor sold."

Of course to evolve in legal array this broad analysis of the Plumb idea, Glenn Plumb told me it was necessary to adopt the existing laws, to respect them, to keep within the established rulings of the Anglo-Saxon courts. But the origin of the bill he drafted for nationalization of the railroads lay fallow in an idea that has been a hobby with him. I quote his own impression of its source.

GREW OUT OF CORPORATION PRACTICE

"I HAVE been going along attending to my own business as a lawyer, satisfied with my practice, for so many years, that this sudden glare of limelight thrust upon me would be confusing, except that it does not impose any new

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demands on me. The so-called Plumb Plan is a curious climax to a private interest of my own that I have pursued for the past fifteen years. In my practice of corporation law, which began almost immediately after a term of study at the Northwestern University and at Harvard, there were cases that frequently aroused my curiosity as to the human justice involved in them. I found peculiar inconsistency of judgments obtained on technicalities that were obvious violations of it. I once robbed a poor widow of her just rights in winning a case, because of a technical advantage in the courts. Never since then have I resorted to technicalities in my corporation practice. The Constitution is a perfect document, and if we follow it unreservedly there is no compromise possible with the fundamental principles of human justice. Technicalities, however, operate in corporation law. It seemed to me they shouldn't, if we examine the law sincerely. Often lawyers do not. They neglect to invoke those principles that are in the Constitution for the prosecution of human perversity. There are obsolete decisions that are purposely ignored at trials of corporation cases.

" Early in my practice I was obsessed with curiosity to find out exactly where private interest ceased, and public interest began. I was projected into legal problems in my practice, that constantly brought this issue before me. Merely my own personal instinct of what was right or wrong was not sufficient. The burden of proof had to be found within the judicial machinery of the courts. It came to me forcibly when I was engaged by the State's Attorney of Illinois to prosecute the Chicago Elevated Railroads. Here again the question was involved as to the line of demarkation between private and public interest. I found an obsolete law in the State legislature that looked hopeful. This law embodied the statement that public highways being a promoting factor in public interest should respect the rights invested in it by public interest. It was a loop-hole. The Supreme Court of the State of Illinois rendered an opinion in favor of the brief I had drawn up for the State's attorney. Automatically, by law, this opinion became a decision of the

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Supreme Court of the United States. But it was discovered that such a plea must be drawn by the State's attorney and not by associate counsel. This complication brought about further action against the Chicago Elevated Railroads, with the upshot that this corporation finally came down to an offer to sell to the people of Chicago for $70,000,000, which offer was rejected. It was too much to pay. Public interest deserved more recognition for its investment.

PUBLIC UTILITIES MUST BE PUBLICLY OWNED

"TRANSPORTATION has always been a matter of public interest controlled by private interest. Its accumulation of private investment and profit has always been entangled by the rights of private investments. Railroad corporations have always been in the grip of inherited claims. The shadow of the dead man's hand has hovered over the profits inherited from him by the living. Public utilities which are enormous valuations because they are created by public interest, being within the province of a common equity in human affairs, cannot be left in control of private interests. There are no inherited private claims that can be recognized in the management of a public utility. They are organizations of public interest, and should not be endangered by private ownership.

"I read everything ever printed in American and English law in my research, for my own private information. I found myself so placed that for two years I could devote myself almost exclusively to the study of where private interest ceased and public interest began. When my services were requested as counsel for the Organized Railroad Employees of America, I drew up a bill in three days. It was the fruition of convictions arrived at by a conservative estimate of public rights in a great public utility. That's how the Plumb Plan happened. It is the brief of a lawyer by profession, drawn in the interest not of labor, or capital, or politics, but in the interest of constitutional rights in public highways that have not been expressed in the courts, for obvious reasons."

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Of the various complication of rates, of the financial evils under which private ownership had abused its privileges, of the entangling legal twists and turns confronting the claims put forth in the Plumb Plan, there is no space to tell here. The Committee of Investigation in Washington will ponder over this mass of evidence according to its effort to find a plan for the railroad problem. Glenn Plumb, as counsel for the railroad workers, says he is keeping an eye on it. There were other questions of broader interest before the people in the Plumb Plan. I put some of these questions to him.

"Is it a labor problem?"

NOT A REVOLUTIONARY THREAT

"IF you mean is it a demonstration of revolutionary threat against capital, is it a Bolshevik principle, it is not, because although railroad employees are unevenly paid, inefficiently managed, they have the same difficulty that we all have with present day existence—they are consumers. Being the operating machinery of the chief means of national sustenance, being the men who work out the chief system of communication between communities that are linked together by the human limitations of common necessity, they realize that they have in their power the means to reduce the high cost of living. It can be done only by reduction of passenger and freight rates, by an incentive beyond merely wages, by barricading the public from the vicious elements of private investment in a property that has been inflated that way. It is a labor problem only in so far as labor is productive and should share in production, for the ultimate benefit of consumers who are also producers. It is not a threat to extort higher wages, but a pledge for lower prices. Lower railroad rates with increased traffic, increased production, while the demand for higher wages would only mean higher rates and would eventually bankrupt private ownership of railroads. The railroad workers don't want that, they want to protect public interest. The high cost of living is a national problem, not merely a labor problem, and the railroad employees intend to demonstrate the fact that private

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ownership of the railroads must come to an end, for the good of all, as well as themselves."

"Is the Plumb Plan socialistic or political?"

"The Plumb Plan began in one room in an office building in Washington. What it has become, is because it is an idea that is wanted. I am not a socialist. I employ no socialists in the Plumb Bureau. We have no affiliation with any socialistic organization and desire none. As to the political significance of the idea, as it goes through the sieve of Washington, as it is filtered through the various fine screens of political scrutiny in the different states of the Union, the Plumb Plan cannot escape political entanglements. It is not partisan in principle or purpose. If it were, it could not survive. It will be used politically, of course, but it will resist any attempt to modify its fundamental decisions of universal democracy. It neither takes nor gives control of the railroads, it demands that there be a balance of power which rests with the whole people, not with a privileged few. A surprising number of the forty-five million wage-earners of the United States are flocking to the support of this Plan, not only the two million railroad employees."

"Are our wage-earners really entitled to higher wages?"

WAGES NOT EQUAL TO COST OF LIVING

"SOME are, some are not. In places where war-supplies were manufactured the wage-earners have received too much money, but elsewhere in the legitimate trades, in the railroads, wages have not been equal to the cost of living. We are over-produced in some places, under-produced in others. Only the great arteries of domestic trade and traffic can stabilize these conditions. There is a tendency to recognize in the Plumb Plan a human equity, a common right in the railroads that, if it is adopted, may prevent strikes and more dangerous elements of revolution. It will be adopted for that reason, whether Congress opposes it or not. Capital is organizing against it. The bankers seeing an end to vast loans, the corporations seeing an end to private privi-

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lege in public utilities, will delay the ultimate decision of the crisis, and the longer they delay, the more strength we shall gain. They may begin to quarrel among themselves, till like two sharks they swallow each other."

Glenn Plumb smiled amiably at this grim denouement.

"Will there grow from the Plan, a new political party?"

"Public interest in public utilities is big enough for one, at any rate. The pledges of such a party would be alluring. Passenger rates reduced to one and three-quarters cents a mile, and freight rates reduced fifty per cent. You can see for yourself what that would mean."

"In spite of the twenty billions of dollars estimated for purchase from private ownership, and the eight hundred million dollars annual interest due?"

SYSTEMATIZED PLUNDERING GOING ON

"NATIONALIZATION is not so costly an issue as corporization, because a tax based on mutual interest in the profits, as would be the case in nationalization of the railroads, is more desirable than a tax based on values inflated by private interest to meet the greed of corporations. When I say inflated value, I am not dealing with conjecture. We have facts which we can put before the American people that confirm this statement. We can show that plans, leading directly from Wall Street and from the banking houses controlled directly by the Morgan and Rockefeller group, that there has existed a systematized plundering of virtually all of the transportation highways of the United States. To this system of plunder there can be but one end. It must fall."

As all questions of public interest lead to the White House for solution, I asked Glenn Plumb if this fact had been taken into consideration by the railroad workers.

"The President has expressed no desire to make any direct inquiries of us. Should he do so, I shall be delegated to explain the plan to him," he said.

The Plumb Plan is Glenn Plumb himself.

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WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS

Why We Need Not Fear Revolution

By HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE
[SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR]

THE right of revolution does not exist in America. We had a revolution 143 years ago which made it unnecessary to have any other revolution in this country because it was fundamental. One of the many meanings of democracy is that it is a form of government in which the right of revolution has been lost by giving the Government wholly to the people. Revolution means revolt. Against whom are we to revolt in the United States excepting the people of the United States?

If we Americans do not like officials, programs, policies, measures, systems, we can try others, but in Europe the right of self-determination as to domestic concerns has been denied and therefore the right of revolution has been preached.

No man can be a sound and sterling American who believes that force is necessary to effectuate the popular will. As we have taken from the duelist his pistol and compelled him to seek redress in the law, so in the larger affairs of the Nation we have said, "This is your country. Make it what you will; but you must not use force, for when you came here and became a citizen you gave over the right to resort to anything but public opinion and the methods of the law in the determination of national policies. If you are in a minority you must wait until you become a majority, and as a majority you must be content to prevail by processes which respect the rights of the minority."

Americanism does not mean that any one economic system is right, or that the United States is a perfected land; it does not mean that any one social philosophy must be accepted as the final expression of truth; but Americanism does

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mean that we have evolved machinery by which revolution, as a method of changing our life, is outgrown and outlawed.

NON-PARTISAN COMMISSIONS NEEDED

THE BEST ABILITY OF THE COUNTRY TO BE DRAFTED

By OTTO H. KAHN

IT would seem to me that the appointment by the Government of one or more non-political commissions, consisting of business men, workingmen, farmers and economists, for the purpose of making studies and recommendations on a non-partisan basis, would still be of great advantage to the country at a time when grave economic, social and financial problems are pressing for solution and both the Executive Departments and Congress are greatly overworked. Great Britain, for many years, by the appointment of "Royal Commissions," so-called, has employed with success this method of obtaining "light without heat" in respect of problems as to which the Government and the people desired disinterested and competent information and suggestions, and in the great majority of cases such commissions, though of diversified elements, have arrived at a consensus of opinion.

It is simply inconceivable that either the President or Congress or the various Executive Departments and Boards can give the necessary time and thoroughness of study to the variety of complex questions which call for consideration and action. The burden which both the House and the Senate place upon themselves in investigating and gathering facts and hearing witnesses is staggering in its claim upon the time and energies of our legislators. Much relief and good results could be obtained by placing part of that burden upon the shoulders of others. The men selected would investigate, ascertain facts, collate views and, if desired, make recommendations. The best ability and ripest experience of the country could be drafted for such purpose. The decision and responsibility as to legislation would, of course, rest no less than now with Congress and the President.

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THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

The Theatre Joins the Union

THE dramatic world, always a seeker after novelty, found itself startled as no third-act climax had ever startled an audience, when, with but a few minutes' notice, the actors, those supposedly temperamental people who would never be business-like enough to band together for their own good, suddenly answered the word "strike" and quietly stayed away from their theatres in which they were employed to amuse audiences.

The different phases of the strike might easily fill a volume. Certainly actors of a type have been subjected to treatment that might be classified as "rough." Long rehearsals for which they have not been paid, the cost of furnishing wardrobes, crooked managers who have skipped out and left the company stranded, sudden closings of shows without proper notice, half salaries at times when the theatres are not supposed to be prosperous—all these are grievances, and just grievances. But are all managers against whom the strike has been directed guilty of these practices? Of course not; and the stage folk generally admit it, at the same time holding to their stand for recognition of their union by the Producing Managers' Association. This is the real crux of the strike, and not the various charges against individual managers that have grown out of it.

Just what the outcome will be is a question. The managers say that they will not relent, that, if necessary, they will close all the theatres. They hold that they cannot recognize an actor's union—that they must have a free hand. They are rich and can afford to hold out. Many of the actors too are rich, and they can hold out, especially if they are able to engage halls in various parts of the city and give performances—very excellent performances—such as they are giv-

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ing at present in the Lexington Avenue Opera House, where Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, together with Conway Tearle and Florine Arnold, are offering an act from "Camille," and where such fun-makers as Eddie Foy, Marie Dressler, Frank Tinney and Pearl White are a few of their assistants.

Even more interesting than this phase of the strike is the new organization which Mr. Sothern formed after his speech against the strike had been hissed, and he had found it advisable to withdraw from the Actors' Equity Association, of which Mr. Francis Wilson and professional labor organizers are the heads, and which many prefer to call the Actors' Union. Mr. Sothern's new organization has the support of many of the best known players, and may possibly be the basis of an agreement between the warring factions. The playwrights, too, are organizing, and will probably bring pressure to bear on the necessity of a settlement. Another air of novelty lent the strike is the presence of such managers as George M. Cohan, Charles M. Hopkins, and William A. Brady, replacing strikers in rôles in current productions.

And there is a burlesque show playing at a popular theatre which last season housed an emotional war drama—playing at Broadway prices, and, of course, to capacity. To continue the excitement, several million dollars' worth of suits have been filed, largely by the managers against the actors, who, they charged, have broken contracts—many of them Equity contracts; and lastly, Broadway has been able to witness numerous fistic battles which, while they have never lasted long, have been genuine and sometimes bloody, and always ended in the police court—where, by the way, some of the élite of the profession have been frequently seen for various reasons.

These are but a few of the high lights. Just how far the strike can and will be carried is a question that time is going to answer. What will be the attitude of the managers towards any number of leading players if the actors do win? One manager predicts that, even if the actors are successful, they will never be able to command the high salaries that have been paid in the seasons past.

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"Pre-strike Plays"

SO it stands, and such conditions make it practically impossible for the many new plays scheduled, to appear. Before the strike arrived, however, the mystery plays of the season were augmented by an additional thriller—"The Voice in the Dark," which proved to be the best of the crop. It concerns a murder of a worthless young chap, and the accusation of the girl he was to marry. Such a theme is old, almost threadbare, but the way it was presented makes it an absolute novelty, for the confession of the murder has been heard by a blind newsdealer at the railroad station, and much of the evidence, quite enough to warrant the arrest of the suspected girl, has been seen by a deaf woman.

The motion-picture method of staging, that of switching scenes back to show what has gone before, is used, very effectively, creating great suspense, and offering one scene which is played in the dark—as heard by the blind man—and one scene in dumb show, as seen by the deaf woman. The denouement is unusual, and, because of the particularly clever acting of the woman to whom the confessional scene is allotted, most effective. The acting is above the average. Olive Wyndam is fairly satisfactory as the accused girl, while Arleen Hackett gives a suppressed performance which makes her one emotional scene startlingly vivid. Florine Arnold and William B. Mack as the deaf woman and the blind man were excellent. Should the strike end this season, "The Voice in the Dark" ought to be one of the season's great successes.

Bolshevism, which simply had to get to the stage this season, has been the theme of two plays, "The Challenge" and "The Red Dawn." "The Red Dawn" can be dismissed with the brief comment that it would have been better for the author-producer if it had never risen. It was the type of dawn that should have remained night.

"The Challenge," by Eugene Walter, with Holbrook Blinn in the leading rôle, is a sincere effort on the part of the dramatist to discuss the social unrest before theatre audiences. It is not a great success, because the types are too

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ultra. Many of the opinions voiced by both sides are interesting, and meet with great applause, but they hardly belong in the theatre—that is, in their present state. And the love story, that very necessary requisite to theatrical success, seems as if it were dragged in—and belonged apart from the lives of the players. The acting was excellent. Mr. Blinn had rather an unpleasant part, and the sympathy of the audience went out to Allan Dinheart, a young player who really had the leading rôle. Jessie Glendinning was the weepy and rather unnatural girl in the case. A great deal of interest has been aroused in this play because it is one of the few which was closed by the actors' strike, and immediately reopened with new characters playing some rôles and other members of the company resigning from the Equity Association so as to be able to continue in the production. Mr. Blinn was among the latter number.

"*John Ferguson*"

IT took four years for John S. Ervine's very remarkable drama, "John Ferguson," to reach the American stage. It was produced in Dublin, where it was a failure, and has also been brought out in this country in book form. That, as a rule, means the eternal end of a play. Why it should be, is a question, but acting plays are never supposed to make good reading plays, and *vice versa*. And, in spite of its splendid dramatic passages, which visualize themselves to the reader so forcibly that one can almost see them being enacted, no manager undertook the production, and it is doubtful if the book sold many copies. At any rate, it would probably have remained unheard of, had not the Theatre Guild, a co-operative group of players, as a final bill for a very interesting but rather financially unsuccessful season, announced "John Ferguson."

The play was produced in May at the Garrick Theatre—the same Garrick which has held great plays in its time, but considered by modern audiences so very far downtown. The notices of the critics were good, so very good that many who would not think of going below Forty-second Street for enter-

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tainment, decided to see the new production. The one-week engagement was extended into two, and " John Ferguson " is now completing its fourth month and ought to run for months to come.

Which proves conclusively that the American theatre-goers are not play readers, and the American theatrical management sometimes overlooks a play which has real literary quality as well as dramatic value.

The plot of " John Ferguson " is simple. It hinges about a delayed letter—the mistake in a date. Its characters of the north of Ireland are real, and contrary to the belief of many, their dialect is neither of the slapstick variety, nor hard to understand. They are simple folk, with the simple, primitive passions of men and women the world over. The actual story is so light that one refrains from telling it—it might sound trivial. It allows, however, for much that is quaintly humorous, and much more that is grippingly tragic. To my mind the play has more real thrills than most modern dramas ever tried to include in four acts. And it is acted admirably. Rollo Peters, who is one of the leading minds of the Theatre Guild, is giving a truly masterful performance of the son who takes vengeance in his own hands despite his Bible-loving father. Dudley Diggs, Helen Freeman, and Augustine Duncan are other players who stand out for the unusual excellence of their work.

If the Theatre Guild can offer other plays of this type, stage and act them with the same degree of perception, there is no reason why they cannot become one of the leading factors of the theatrical world.

Hiram in New York

"OH, WHAT A GIRL " was another pre-strike offering. It is a musical comedy, with the rather familiar plot of the deacon who can be a very wicked person when he gets away from home. Then one day when celebrating the deacon forgets that he has a dual personality and invites all his city friends to visit him on the farm. The result is laughable, thanks to Harry Kelly who is the deacon, and Frank Fay

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who plays his worldly nephew. If the piece had been in New York early in the season, it would probably have made an excellent summer show, for it is funny, well staged, and has some excellent dance numbers. The only thing lacking is a real leading woman. Strangely "Oh, What a Girl" has everything but two or three girls with plenty of personality to play its more important feminine parts.

The Hippodrome Annual

THE Hippodrome's annual production is called "Happy Days" this year. It opened despite the actors' strike, for the production is classed as a variety show, and the contracts given the actors call for two performances a day at special salary rates. It is not possible to produce a Hippodrome show that is altogether different from any that have preceded it. An element of novelty must be included in the evening's entertainment, and this time the greatest novelty is when the lovely ladies of the chorus parade into the depths of the tank, and appear a few minutes later—apparently unharmed—from what ought to result in death by drowning. And there is a high dive that is absolutely thrilling. For the rest it is good fun, and gorgeous spectacle. A number of the favorites of other seasons are present, and the music contains at least two tunes that will be whistled. And the huge audience is, as usual, one of the sights of the night. The Hippodrome is always the Hippodrome, and even the blasé theatre-goer can enjoy an evening at its entertainment.

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The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped)

Colonel Thompson's Patriotic Work

WE have heard the siren call of patriotism for the past three years, for money. We still hear its imitative phraseology of patriotic appeal. To give liberally to any cause of national honor is an American trait, that we may enjoy the energy of good deeds. Often we have given with elemental sturdiness in response to elemental needs.

There comes to mind, in this connection, however, a psychology that has made the raising of vast sums for the benefit of this and that cause. Why not concentrate these traits of national philanthropy upon national values, national inspirations of thought and purpose to future generations? Something of the sort is taking shape in the Roosevelt Memorial Association of which Col. William Boyce Thompson is the dynamic force. The vigor of public citizenship was the amazement and pride of the nation in Theodore Roosevelt, and Colonel Thompson, a man with big impulses of his own, is a distinguished figure among the Americans who strive to perpetuate the splendor of the Roosevelt soul.

Why not a fitting memorial to the soul of a great man, as well as other things in the cause of our national reconstruction?

That is the enviable opportunity that Col. Thompson and his associates on the Roosevelt Memorial Committee have seized.

Men from all sections of America are co-operating with the Roosevelt Memorial Association in the campaign to raise $5,000,000, by popular subscription, to erect at Washington a national memorial monument to Roosevelt, and to create at Oyster Bay a park which may ultimately include his estate at Sagamore Hill, in order that it may be preserved for the

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people, like Mount Vernon and the Lincoln home at Springfield.

This campaign will be held in every State in the Union during the week of October 20-27, and every penny subscribed will go into the memorial fund, as generous friends of Colonel Roosevelt have undertaken to defray all the expenses incidental to the campaign.

Colonel William Boyce Thompson is the active president of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, which is, by the way, a strictly non-partisan organization. William Loeb, Jr., who was secretary to President Roosevelt during his two terms, is vice-president; and Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chase National Bank, New York, is treasurer. The honorary presidents are ex-President William Howard Taft, and Charles Evans Hughes, former Governor of New York. Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Hiram W. Johnson are among the honorary vice-presidents. On the executive and general committees are authors, editors, soldiers, publicists, college presidents, naturalists and sculptors—all good Americans who have volunteered their services in order to make the campaign a success.

" No effort will be spared," says Colonel Thompson, " to reach every American who would like to be represented, be it by ever so small a contribution, in the making of a memorial that will be commensurate with the achievement of Mr. Roosevelt and the widespread esteem and affection in which he was held throughout his country. It is, in fact, the hope of the association that the number of contributors to the fund will be a gratifying index of the hold he had on the affections of Americans, North and South and East and West."

In memoriam of the one man in our generation who typified American honor.

Democracy's New Skin

A NEW skin covers the old national figure of American Independence. It is the tattooed skin of internationalism. Evidently, there are new fashions in politics now. Con-

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gress has developed, under pressure of public opinion, a prestige in legislative procedure. It is very like the prestige of courtiers surrounding a sovereign. Only the old-fashioned American whose traditions do not permit him to accept the new order of political leadership in the White House, is called a " crank," an "obstructionist," a man behind the times.

No doubt, if the President had ceded the State of Maine to Great Britain, that many Americans would have approved.

Yet one cannot wholly ascribe the mania for internationalism to partisan feeling. The situation is really a problem in national psychology, it is the psychological reflex of the war. We are proud of our share as individuals in the winning of the war, and there lingers in us a pride in the aftermath of the war which has been expressed in the accomplished deeds of the Peace Conference in Paris.

Many of us are proud, in America, of the Shantung Treaty, which was made without consulting China. We are proud of our policy in Russia, having placed an iron ring around her (without any declaration of war against her distressed people, however). Proud of the starving women and children in Russia whom we have doomed to an inhuman fate. We are not proud of Bolshevism; that is something we all abhor and oppose, but we are proud of the diplomatic management of our affairs with Russia. We are bound to believe this when such statesmen as Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska openly proclaim that we should be proud of these things, and openly disavow any inhumanity in such demonstrations of foreign diplomacy.

To some in whom pride is an instinct unadulterated by those expedients that have made such a document of secret diplomacy as the League of Nations possible, there is astonishment that there are among us people who are proud of it. It is not an astonishment of the average kind. There is mingled in the mind of those who oppose this document an astonishment of fear that betrayals always bring about.

There is a new statesmanship in this country, a new standard of government which threatens, and defies, and deplores any opinion contrary to it. It is a statesmanship made

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RUNNING AMUCK

Uncle Sam—"I don't know where we're going but we're surely on the way"

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in Paris, and it has returned to us with sealed orders. Congress appears to be taking its first lessons in foreign diplomacy, and it is accused of being rather backward, slow to grasp the new idea. The new idea of statesmanship has been so industriously taught, so widely spread among the people by various agencies of the government, and with such splendor of expectation of peace in it, that the country, in many places, is already proud of it.

It is a statesmanship of peace founded on war. That is its strange psychology, and that is the most popular phase of its operation. It is really a prize package, to be opened later. If we fail to believe what we have been told this statesmanship will produce, we are called unworthy of these great times of American prowess and fighting glory.

"The Amurican Peopul"

THE sincerity of men in public office is the foundation upon which our national safety stands. It is an element that has been split into many degrees of opinion. A man may be sincere to his party, to his principles, to his ideals, to his office, to his conscience even,—but of what avail such beautiful testimony of noble character if he fails to be sincere to "The Amurican Peopul," as the orators pronounce that mighty slogan of national sincerity. Like the strains of a national anthem it uplifts all hearts; whatever weaknesses the man in public office may have, they are forgiven when he confesses that they are in the cause of "The Amurican Peopul."

I have made exhaustive inquiries about them. At various times they have done the unexpected thing, at times they have sustained the sincere man and the insincere man in public office. If they are swayed by skilful oratory, there has been no proof of this. The greatest spellbinders in history have been defeated in office. And yet, the minute the gas runs low in a campaign of national politics, on one side or the other, the balloon of national expectation inflates at once to that inexhaustible supply of conjectural ideals, "The Amurican Peopul."

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Is it a phrase which, like any one of the Ten Commandments, has retained its splendid traditions of virtue and piety, or is it a phrase that the people themselves are supremely indifferent to. Who can say? There are moments in the squeaky tremor of this UN-EASY CHAIR when one's very soul is tried with the constant challenge of this phrase. One remembers a cynical phrase of those blood-stained days in Paris when Robespierre was the Trotzsky of his time. Then it was the fashion to call the oppressed and torn victims, "the dear people." Whatever sins of insincerity in public office may come to light in the present upheaval of our own enlightened century, they will be appropriately dealt with by "The Amurican Peopul," without doubt.

The Sneak-Thieves of Food

THERE is a triumphant glint in the eye of the waiter who is hired by the restaurant profiteer to hand you a record of the latter's crime in the form of a "check," which inclines a thoughtful human being to the conclusion that we are reaping in this country the inherited traits of the crooks who under our generous laws of immigration have spawned their kind among us. An American in his original ancestry is a man whose sense of fairplay has always been a national instinct, a bit of pure character in him.

In the far West, they have no such patience with a horse-thief as we have just now with the butter-thief, the egg-thief, the bread-thief, the fruit-thief, and the whole pack of petty but persistent cheats who pursue their criminal occupation in the guise of "business." It would be extremely annoying to haul the petit-larceny food profiteers that are met three times a day by our restaurant patrons into the open squares and pillory them, but it would be an excellent medium of public opinion joyously expressed. "Profiteer Day" is suggested as a high-cost-of-living antidote, when a written record of excessive charges in restaurants and retail stores of all sorts might submit reports to a local committee, and bill-post the news and names of the whole lot, where all can read them. One restaurant keeper said, "I am not satisfied with

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65 per cent profit, when I can get a 100 per cent just as easily. Why should I be; it's business." So as city folks are obliged to use the restaurants the profiteers must be disciplined.

In the Name of the "Common Workman"

WE are going through a "striking" period with various degrees of discomfort. No longer do we earn a living, we "strike" for a living. No longer do we adapt ourselves to an income, we demand an income to meet our ideas of living. Our homes have become hot-beds of speculation, star-chambers of socialistic arguments and violent plans. It has not occurred to some of us that the "strike" is the dynamite of anarchy, the explosive that shatters a social system of public safety, already torn and disturbed by international questions that cloud the horizon of future generations. In the name of the "common workman" we are destroying not merely class distinctions, we are destroying the distinctions between stolen goods and private right to these goods. Men who strike, inspired by the common motive of greed, must expect to run against the law and order of the land. If there is no other way to discipline the exorbitant will of those who unwarrantedly "strike" we may see a cordon of bayonets, of machine guns, of martial law about us, that has not been fully considered. There is still a Government in power, there is still a trained armed force that will obey, there is still authority in the U. S. A. to maintain the laws of the land. Some intimation of this thought was obvious in the Director General of Railroads' ultimatum to the striking railway employes of California who defied their organization leaders, and Mr. Gary's stand-pat attitude in the threat of the steel workers. We shall not have a revolution, but we may have bloodshed.

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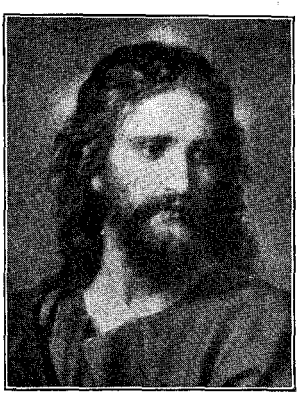

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MORGAN

Mr. Lou Morgan's conception of Mexico is apparently that of the relation of a doctor (Uncle Sam) and a patient (Mexico). Mr. Morgan is a Texan and his work has been awarded the First Prize in the Cartoon Contest of THE FORUM. He was born in Brownsville, Texas, and during the war served as Sergeant with the 317th Tank Corps in France.

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